

# WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

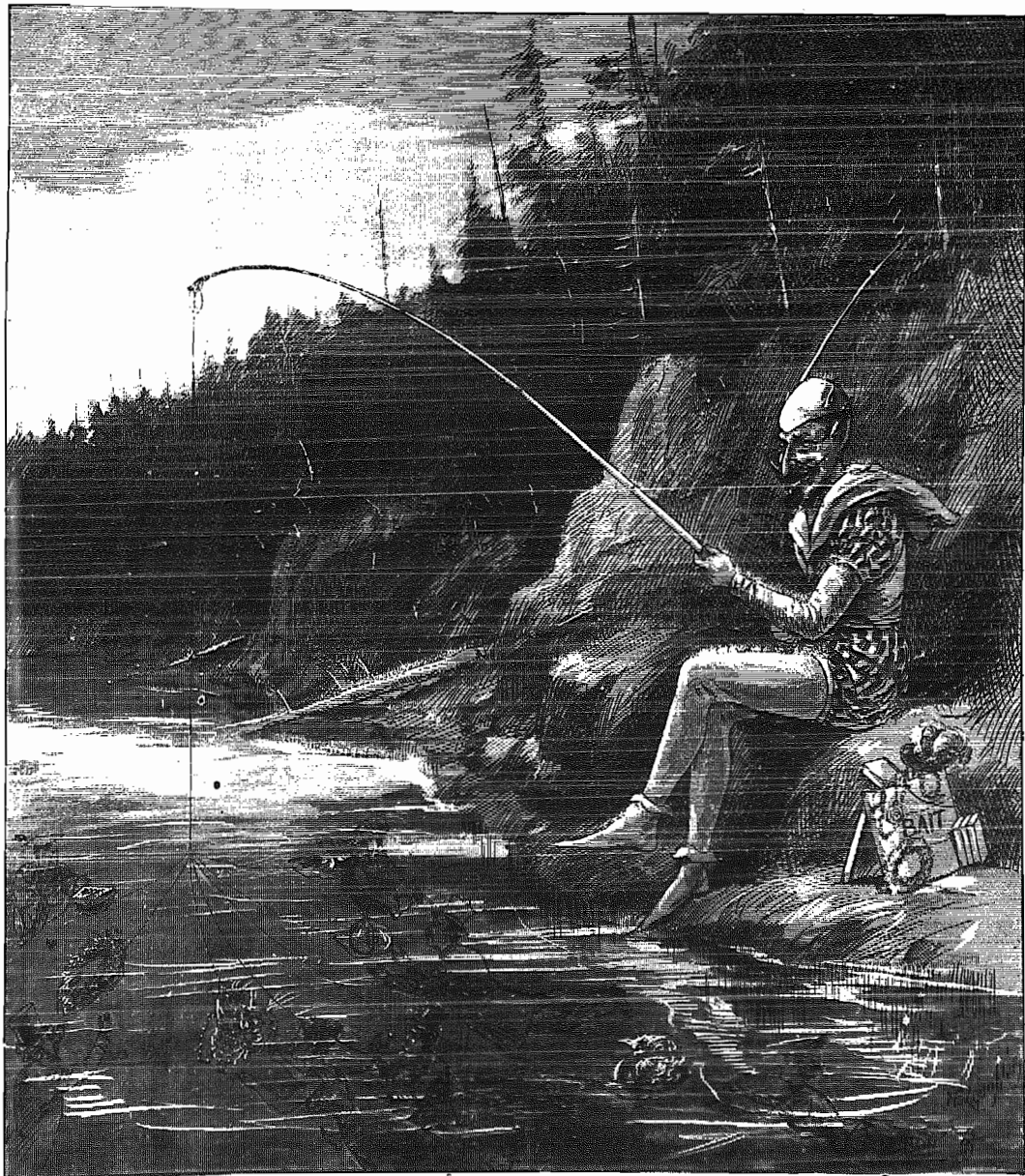
15th Year. No. 3.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioneer.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE DEVIL-FISHER.

# The Devil - Fisher.

(To our frontispiece.)



LIKE the Devil-fisher, who is so named from his exceedingly hideous appearance, the Devil-fisher is very attractive, and his innumerable baits are very fascinating to the souls falling in the stream of time.

The Devil-fisher is cunning. His fine branches out below the waterline and instead of hooks, living talons hold out the baits to the duped souls. Woe unto the man and woman who takes hold of the attractive bait, for from underneath the claw of hell will fly at his heart and claim its victim's most exacting service for time and eternity.

The Devil-fisher baits his hooks according to the disposition and nature of his victim. Like the trout angler who uses a beautiful image of a favorite fly that is considered a choice morsel by that fish, so the devil uses cleverly such baits that most strikingly resemble the things we love and value.

Clever doubts and inquiries for the bright intellect, social enjoyment for the active girl, the exhilaration of an occasional game for the worried business man, fetching apparel for the ambitious woman, laurels for the fame-thirsty man, dollars for the selfish person, comforts and luxury for the lazy; these are some of the glittering baits with which the Devil-fisher covers the deadly hooks of hell.

Woe to the indiscreet, who reach out with covetous hand and probably not feeling the link that fastens them to the Devil-fisher, who pays out rope in the beginning to make sure of a solid bite, get on to sink at the end of sin. But soon the line will be hauled in, and the victim is dragged into sins and enmeshed into a net of iniquities.

Is there no Deliverer? Yes, Jesus lives to break the fetters and set the repenting slave free.

## Separation Avoided.

"Housed are the p-d-e-m-o-n-i-a-k-s, they shall be called the children of God."

**S**ALVATION officers witness some strange and blessed scenes. This one, for instance: A great drunkard, infuriated with drink, went to a certain barracks, in England, in search of his sister (who is a Salvationist); he was in a towering rage, all the more terrible because he was a brawling fellow. He was under the mistaken impression that this sister had advised his wife to leave him and take the three children with her. That night when he returned home to tea, he had found written in a book lying open on the table:

"I can stand it no longer: I must leave you. You have been cruel. I would have left with my children, but I won't with you. Farewell—Your broken-hearted wife."

The sister asked the Captain to go to this man outside the barracks, for she was afraid of him. The Captain went and talked with him, and eventually he was got into the quarters. He wept bitterly, and loved his children, and considered them gone from him for ever. He was persuaded to go into the meeting, where he was dealt with about his soul. Off I gave him will to his wife and children back," he asked. "God can do that." Was the truly. Then he went boldly out and got the victory.

The Captain took him to a cheerless home. All was darkness. A search was commenced by the husband, Captain, and two sisters. Presently the husband opened a shed door, and the wife and children were there. He was answered. The children lay on the floor asleep; the Captain curled one, the husband another, and the wife was persuaded to come out too, carrying her recently-born infant. Prayer and good advice followed; the fire was lighted and a cup of tea made.

Since then the wife has knelt at the Captain's feet. The husband remarked to the Captain the other night, "We are getting on grand. We pray together at the bedside."

Emotion is often true genius in Christian work. I have never known that savdust has done much towards helping the poor progress of mankind. —Mr. Joseph Parker.

# HONEY-SUCKLES.

By ENSIGN W. J. PAYNE.

God not only wants us to declare our love to Him. He also wants a tangible proof of it.

A love declaration, which refuses to suffer for the object it says it adores, is in the last stage of consumption and will soon die out.

The great ocean is made up of small particles of water which flow together; so, great and good men's lives are made out of little deeds, which increase by use.

The man who fails to consecrate his all to God, need never expect to get much, and will have little to give to God's cause.

No use to try to do right with a wrong heart, for it will only mean premature death to the good intentions. But a right heart means a practical man, as it is the life of all he does.

Brains that only think for the benefit of self, are no better than hands, that fail to do good to others.

We need to watch, lest while we are quick to discern the faults of others, we are slow to see our own.

You must give up your own ways, if you want God to take and use you; to do good we must first of all be good.

If God went to the trouble to make a place for every star and planet, and

From sin's foul fate each soul to save,

May ever our banner wave,  
The Red, the Blue, with Yellow star,  
Proclaim salvation near and far.

Red is the Blood of Calvary,  
That flowed for all a crimson sea;  
Its wave has washed our soul from sin,  
And placed a heart of flesh within.

So wave them high above the crowd—  
The Yellow, Red, and Blue—and loud  
Cry out above Hell's drowsing tin,  
We KNOW a Saviour from all sin.

—Quintus.

set them in it, think you not that He has not a fixed place for you?

Why lie down and die in want with a great abundance around you? Arouse thyself to action, put forth thy hand, take and eat and live.

We get from God what our faith lays claim to, for He says it is only what we are capable of using to His glory. His wisdom permits us to get no more.

Full salvation fills the man and must of necessity bring every faculty, of the soul and body into living power, of the soul and body into living fellowship with Jesus, for faithful service.

He who shuts his ears now to the cry of the needy, will also cry himself, but to no purpose.

Where sin ceases to exist salvation sets up its reign in righteousness, for sin is as directly opposed to the new birth, as death is to life. If I am not washed in the Blood of Jesus, I can have no part with Him.

If I am conscious of anything in me or my possessions which is not consecrated to God, I am that much short of full salvation.

My work will be God-like according to the measure of His love I possess; I cannot put into my work what's not in me. We'll get in proportion to what we give.

Faith in God is the link in the chain of life that holds me fast.

They who make a profession of religion, and fail to show forth in daily life the virtue of possession, are like a house without windows: when the

door is shut there is neither inlet or outlet for the light.

Hope keeps out despondency and gives me breathing capacity to fight and overcome.

Love makes one pliable and sweet-tempered, rendering service a pleasure, for it never fails.

Salvation, even if it did not give much beauty this side of heaven, it does in heaven.

Human nature is no ornament without God, and if you try to make it ornamental, the paint washes off and its beauty fades and dies away. Be in for that beauty that never dies, even if it brings you reproach and dishonor here.

At the day of your death will six feet of earth contain all your honor and happiness, leaving you forever in misery?

Better a living man in rags than a corpse arrayed in silk and satin; for the living man can do something, but the dead nothing at all, but regret.

Dead professors are very much like stagnant pools, they neither give out to benefit others, nor take in enough to keep themselves pure.

Some of you Salvationists, when you see a sister's fault do not go to your God on her behalf. You would rather do a bit of pious chit-chat about it—Mrs. Booth.

Blue stands for temperance, and it is the outcome of salvation's bliss, And as the sky shines blue above, May faithful likewise prove our love.

The Yellow Star, the Holy Ghost, It stands for Him that makes a host Out of the timid girl or boy, And gives us peace without alloy.

—Quintus.

Never say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now.

No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others wisely and well who dealt in presentlies.

Look at nature, she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall.

Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their risings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and the eclipses are always punctual to the minute.

There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe, which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems.

procrastination in the operations of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race.

Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so too frequently. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored.

Make NOW your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that in three cases out of five, presently is too late.

DO NOT FORGET that modesty is the grace of the soul. That plentiousness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.



Iniquity builds its own gao.

Honesty worships in the temple of truth.

Holy living is the most eloquent preaching.

A dusty Bible generally means a soiled life.

God is invisible, but He is not unapproachable.

When we think ourselves wise, others think otherwise.

The best way to edify a saint is to convert a sinner.

The Christian war is not against sinners, but against sin.

He who nurses a grudge carries a club for his own head.

Prayer is the touch of an infant on the arm of the Almighty.

Trifles are the hinges upon which the door of opportunity swings.

The sins we pet in our lives we are apt to pet in those of others.

Never to make a mistake is the biggest mistake any man can make.

The cheaper your religion is, the greater extravagance you indulge in.

A palace without God is but a poor house, yet a poorhouse with God is a palace.

"Think less of the cross you bear for Christ, and more of the cross He bore for you."

What is important is to have a soul which loves truth and receives it wherever he finds it.

From near at hand one must not hope, but from far. Let us trust in God; each one in himself and in the other, and so it will be well.

The tissues of the Life to be We weave with colors all our own, And in the field of Destiny We reap as we have sown. —Whittier.

## PRESENTLIES.

## WITHOUT GOD.

In the recesses of some deep, dark pit, there may be inflammable gas, whose accumulation has been gradual, and whose existence may be unsuspected or unknown; but it immediately explodes when a lighted lamp comes into contact with it, thereby, if not otherwise, its existence is made known. And there is lying in every unrepented heart, unknown to its possessor, a vast amount of inflammable gas, which is never manifested until God, who is a consuming fire, draws near to that heart and enters it; then that emity bursts forth into a flame.

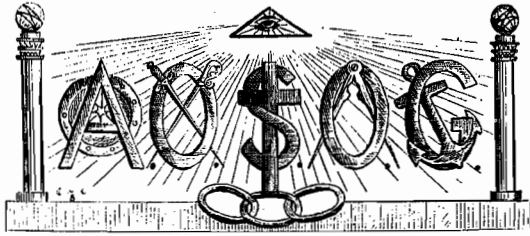
Leader, do not flatter yourself that you love God, because you have never been conscious of hating Him; if He brings near His holiness, and by His law

Searches Your Heart

you will find that there is not only the mere absence of love to Him as a Holy Being, but positive enmity, because He is holy. Think better far, and your enmity should explode here than hereafter; better to know your carnal heart's desperate condition, while there is hope for you that God will take away from you that heart of stone, and give you a new heart which will love Him, and prompt you to serve Him in newness of life. Let your fervent prayer to Him now be "Grant me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

## LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

A PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable results with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from Major Sutherland, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



## AN ANCIENT ORDER OF WHICH ALL SALVATIONISTS SHOULD BE MEMBERS.

### ITS DEGREES, SIGNS AND PASSWORDS.

Much has been written from time to time for and against the many Secret Orders that are now in existence, and varied has been the attitude taken by soldiers and officers of the Salvation Army towards them, so that it may not come amiss to say something here about one Order that, without doubt, will be defiled by all true Salvationists. It is truly a Secret Order, because only those who are actual members know the real value of the benefits accruing to them, and only they understand the mysteries of the Order, which are beyond the comprehension of those outside of it, even though they were very learned men. Its signs, passwords, ceremony, constitution and laws, if thoroughly understood and practiced, lead to the greatest usefulness and happiness possible to any human being. The full name of this Order, the initials of which appear at the heading of this article, is: The Ancient Order of the Sons of God. There are three degrees obtainable in this life, which are the first, or the Servant Degree; the second, or Sonship Degree; and the third, or the Degree of the Flery Baptism.

#### The First, or Servant Degree.

is open to all mankind. It is the big end of the funnel, or the initiative degree. The conditions of entrance are that sin in any form be renounced, that righteousness be sought, and that God be acknowledged as Supreme Ruler, and served accordingly.

During the first four thousand years of the world's history the first degree was the only one, and the Order was generally known as the Servants of God. Its Grand Masters were called Patriarchs and Prophets, and the purpose of the Order was to restore, preserve and improve the worship of God, which meant the destruction of idolatry among the chosen people of God and the exaltation of Righteousness.

In the first degree God is known as the Father, the originator and creator of all things. In Him is the source of all wisdom, and in Him is the Lord of all the universe. As such He received the worship of all the members of the order, who sacrificed to Him by the killing of innocent animals of sin, and that of their own only the yearning of God to make mankind His true children, which led up to the institution of

#### The Second, or Sonship Degree.

The true spirit, and with it the true purpose of the Order gradually degenerated, and finally was nearly lost, and a few had the knowledge of true interpretation. The multitude of its priests were imposters who frequently persecuted the property appointed Grand Masters, so that there came a time when the Order was in danger of decay.

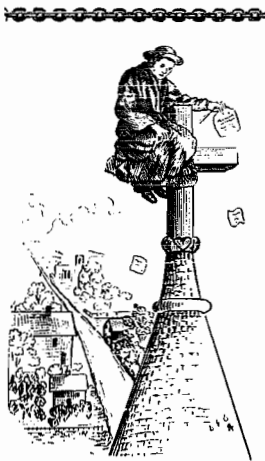
To prevent such a catastrophe God gave His Son to take upon Himself the form of Man, and as such redeem the purity of the Order. He accomplished this by the physical sacrifice of Man the true life of the Son of God for thirty-three years. His sinless life sustained His teaching, which was a true revelation of the mysteries of the Order to mankind, and the Jews, who were the chosen people of God, were amazed.

Jesus the Son of God thought earnestly twelve disciples, whom He left in the world as the leaven that was to leaven the whole lump of humanity; these twelve disciples leavened the Order throughout the world.

Jesus finally gave His life as the one sacrifice for the sins of humanity, thus doing away with the slaying of beasts for man's transgressions. His true followers received a full pardon for past sins, and He called them brethren, making them joint-heirs with Him, for as many as believed in Him then gave Him power to become the Sons of God.

The sign of this degree is THE BLOOD MARK on the heart's entrance, and the password is JESUS. THE INITIATION into the second degree is called Repentance, and the accounts of the Second Birth. This new birth opens up a new world and a new understanding. It is also called the Awakening of the Soul, which means that the Soul becomes personally acquainted with His Saviour and retains Him as his constant companion.

The second degree replaces the Love of Self by the Love of God. This implies the incoming of a passion that



urges man on to seek the salvation of others, and brings with it a wonderful power to conquer temptations. Without multiplying the instances of benefits to second degree members, it will be seen that their privileges are great, and their benefits many. Many are contented to stay there, especially since the initiation into the third degree is considered as expensive, painful and difficult. And yet there awaits the progressive soul the greatest honor and usefulness that God gives to mankind.

#### The Third Degree, or the Degree of the Flery Baptism.

The degree was not open to anyone until after the mission of Jesus had been accomplished. When He had defied the powers of Death He promised the institution of the highest degree before He ascended to Heaven. The Candidates for this honor spent fifty days in preparation by prayer and fasting. It was necessary that the human mind be adjusted to the mind of God, the human soul be tuned to the will of God, before the disciples could be accepted. After fifty days of prayerful waiting, the first Flery Baptism took place. The effect was at once felt in the enormous increase of members to the Order.

THE SIGN of this highest degree is the CROSS, and the password is SELF-DENIAL. Members of it have emerged from the babyhood of the Second Birth into the maturity of the SONS

OF GOD, and so take possession of their inheritance as heirs with Jesus. They accept their responsibility and share in their Father's business, and its interest is above everything else in their lives.

The world at large, and even brethren of the lower degrees, do not understand them, but the initiated will discover in words and actions the fellow of the third degree without much trouble. Their souls recognize each other in mutual contact, which is often too sacred to be expressed in words, and the stamp of the cross upon their foreheads shows them a Fellow of the Sons of God.

#### Wanted.

More applicants for the third degree. Quite true, it will mean the forsaking of personal interests: it will strike the death blow to worldly ambitions; it will entail the loss of some friend and the slander of evil-minded people, as well as the ridicule of so-called "clever" people. It will surely mean severe tests of your resolutions and vows, and the giving up, possibly, of your dearest, but BUT in exchange it will bring that insatiable peace with your conscience that is beyond understanding and only known to the Sons of God.

It will bring with it glorious opportunities and power to snatch men from the clutches of that superhuman power of God, and to be overcome by the power of God, and the latter is at the disposal of the Sons of God. What is more worthy of sacrifice than to be overcome by such difficulties, beset by perplexities, confronted by devils, encouraged by the echo of martyr's declarations, and spurred on by Angels about to be applied to press through it all and with the consciousness of fellowship with that Power that created worlds and directs the path of the redeemed soul? Need you count the cost any longer? "No!" I hear

## WHERE ART THOU, LORD?

The parish priest  
Of austerity,  
Climbed up in a high church steeple  
To be nearer God.  
So that He might hand  
His word down to His people.  
And in sermon script  
He lively wrote  
What he thought was sent from  
Heaven;  
And he dropped it down  
On the people's heads,  
Two times one day in seven.  
In his age God said:  
"Come down and die."  
And he cried out from the steeple:  
"Where art Thou, Lord?"  
And the Lord replied:  
"Down here among My people."

you may—then renounce and be baptised with the Holy Ghost and with Fire.

#### The Finale.

Listen! When the soul of the third degree member crosses the River of Death and enters the Kingdom of God with the full regalia of the Order: The White Robe; the Palm and the Crown of Life, and so arrayed he will stand before the dwelling White Throne and hear from the lips that speak light into existence, the words: "WELL, He being with him of ecstasy, in unutterable adoration he will sink before Him on the Throne and join into the songs of the Sons of God: "UNTO HIM BE THE GLORY AND DOMINION WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD BY HIS STEADFASTNESS TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER." B. F.

#### He Didn't Know Their Ways.

(From a New York paper.)

Deacon Farrhomme (who had just purchased a new pair of Salvation lads and watches her entering a saloon): "Well, who'd a thought it! There, I save that lads five cents for her paper, and she might as well go to spend it for liquor."

## A SINNER'S DEATH.

Pro. 1. 28.—"Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me."

When I was stationed at S—, one night I was called upon to go and visit a young man who was sick. I went at once and saw the young man, who was about twenty-six years of age, in a very sad state of mind. He was nearly entirely unresponsive. He seemed pleased to see me and ordered all the rest out of the room. Then he said to me, "I don't think I am going to get better. I want to repent," but his mind was so weak that he could not keep his thoughts on one thing long at a time. I read God's Word and prayed with him. He tried to pray, but found no peace to his troubled soul. Everything seemed as hard as brass, and his awful glaring look of despair was very sad to witness. He was in misery. It seemed as if the pangs of hell had already got hold of him. He said, "I am under the power of the devil."

I thought of many things, things that if he had not any worse than what it was to be in that room with that young man, it is something dreadful. I was alone with a young man who had been about seven hours, and during that time I don't think there was a minute but what he was cursing and swearing at me. He said, "I am under the power of the devil."

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still," Rev. xxi. 10.

Dear reader, if a young man saved, I don't be wise and seek the Lord while He may be found, or you may be as that young man, or like the rich man in hell, pray when it is too late.

DON'T BE DELUDED by the devil. He will tell you that there is time enough, but God says, "Behold now is the day of salvation."

THERE IS NO PROMISE OF TOMORROW. Remember what God has said: "They shall call upon Me, but I will not answer."—Emanuel W. Orchard.

## SIN.

SIN is an instrument of death. It may be hidden, but it works. It shuts out God, and closes the way of communication between earth and heaven. It says the very foundation of our health, and we cannot ask for Divine strength if we continue in sin. The body will rebel if made an instrument of sin; it will not hold together for long the same time; we cannot have two masters. Sin has no place in our bodies or souls, only as an intruder, and interloper, and the Blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin, and the Holy Spirit keeps us clean by His indwelling presence and power. Sin must have no dominion over us. How can we believe that if God was angry, and then to destroy, leaving its dirty finger-marks on everything it touches; it creates disease, accumulates pain, and misery. It not only ruins the body, but it carries away with it mind, virtue and character, and utterly ruins faith, confidence and assurance.

#### Hidden Sin.

We seem to think it is not so bad if not known; secret faults—sin, set like a canker, and unsnaps the rudder, and leaves us to the mercy of the winds and waves. If we keep our sins hidden, we hear us; and we cannot sin and pray for it ceases to be prayer if sin controls. Purity is necessary if the Holy Ghost abides. Only an atmosphere can He live; and He will create such an atmosphere. If we will seek, and entirely put away our sin. There must be no devil, no resentment, no sin, no heart and we cannot deceive Him. Settle the matter—no sin. Chastity, is the only condition in which the sinner can possibly abide. Only a clean, and healthy, white, clean, rare, and sweet: let sin eat of the enamel, and the ache and pain fills life with misery and no peace. Waste not your soul on sin. Sin is a snare, and there is a maddened soul, solid and sudden, wasted and lost. The Holy Ghost keeps from sin, and fills with health, strength, blessing, and beauty, the bodies as well as the souls of men.

## FOR ME.

Love for a world of sinners given,  
Love for the sad from a heart once riven,  
Love opening up the way to Heaven,  
Love coming down to me.

Grace lifting out of deepest mire,  
Grace leading every day up by fire,  
Grace building round my walls of life,  
Grace, conquering grace for me.

# The Sin of Ananias AND Sapphira

BY THE GENERAL.

HERE is a woman and a man here; they are married. When they took each other's hands at the altar, and knelt at the bedside, they said, "Lord, we are Thine, and all that comes of our marriage shall be Thine. If Thou dost give us children, they shall be Thine—Thine without reserve, to show and fight for Thee." God gives them no beautiful babe; they take it to the altar, if they are Army people, and have it dedicated, or if church people, they have it baptized, and the other color suiting it, so the poor mother is led away, and leads the father away and they dress it up and rig it out, and train it in the best way they possibly could if they wanted it to be a worshipping, and help people down to hell. Yes, they put it on the altar saying it shall be a child of God, and then they take it off, take it back again—take back the price.

Then that young man here, the Spirit of the Lord comes to him in youth, with the romance of life fresh upon him. "Will you go to the uttermost parts of the earth? Will you help the poor lost souls of your own land? Will you work in the slums, help rescue the outcasts, the prisoners and harlots?" The youth kneels down and says, "Lord, body, soul and spirit will be Yours, I will be a missionary. I will be an officer. All I have I lay upon Thy altar."

Then the temptations come; there is a chance to get a good stroke of business, a chance to get a comfortable settlement, or a wife, or a cottage; or someone reasons with him. Perhaps a mother, or father reasons: "You know you can serve God, but you need not go and be a martyr, you need not go and die as a missionary, you need not be a Salvationist, an officer, you need not go and be ridiculed and laughed at as you pass in your uniform marching about the streets, in order to serve God. You can serve God and be respectable; you can serve God and dress in a proper, decent manner. You can serve God, you know, without going to these extremes."

He listens to this backslidden talk and give up, goes down, breaks his vows, and takes back part of the price.

There are, I might go on, men and women who have gone back, taken back part of the price—or taken back all, for half, in this case, generally means all. When people think they have only lost a little power, THEY NEED TO SEE THINGS AS CHRIST PUTS THEM IN THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

They say, "We are all right. We don't want to have those fanatical Salvationists to come along, trying to show us we are wrong. Haven't we got a minister? Don't we go to church? Don't we subscribe to the funds? Don't we read our Bible? We're not thieves, nor drunkards, nor harlots, nor adulterers; we are very decent people."

That is just what Jesus Christ contends as to the Laodiceans. They were a nice sort of decent people.

## NEITHER COLD NOR HOT.

He had rather they were drunkards and harlots. There would have been a chance along, trying to show us we are wrong. Haven't we got a minister? Don't we go to church? Don't we subscribe to the funds? Don't we read our Bible? We're not thieves, nor drunkards, nor harlots, nor adulterers; we are very decent people."

I am going to make a very commonplace remark here. I want you to take it to heart. If I have power I would write it upon your memory in letters of living flame: IT IS JUST AS WICKED TO LIKE GOD AS TO HATE HIM. It is just as wicked to promise and not perform in dealing with God, as in dealing with your fellows. I mean to say this: There are men and women who, if they make a promise in their business, would expect to stand by it, gain or lose, whether the market should rise or fall. They would be indignant at a contrary suggestion. No, they would say, my word is my bond. I am a man of my word,

and you can trust me in business, whether you have it in writing or not. I keep to my word. If I do not keep to my word I am a liar, and would be so branded in the market; and who would trust me or have anything to do with me?

There are many who, should they promise me twenty dollars to help the Social Scheme, and then fail they could not very well pay, would come and say, "General, it is not convenient for me to pay just now, but you shall have twenty-five dollars from me in a month's time, from this date." You would reckon on keeping that pledge. If the

what a number there will be! How the world is going to swarm with backsliders. I look upon that deluge that came sweeping over the world three or four thousand years ago as entirely expected. Here is the money. I wish I had a hundred to sell, I would bring them all to my Saviour. Take it, and take it with my prayers that God will make it all His own.

Someone was busy enough to make the calculation in a town I know very well, and he said that he reckoned that one out of every five persons that walked the streets of that town had, at some time or other, been a member of a church, but were now backsliders, and WERE NOT ASHAMED OF IT. They walk about, wrong-doers, traitors, runaways, tramps on the Blood, crucifiers of Jesus Christ afresh, modern crucifiers—and having no shame at that—blind, with no concern, having the light that was in them, darkness. If the light that is within them, says Jesus Christ, becomes darkness, how great is that darkness.

Oh, if we could have a list of the men and women who, at some time or other, have knelt by their bedside, or knelt in the inquiry room, or knelt at the Salvation Army penitent form, or held the hand of a dying mother, or wife, and promised with the last word that dying, dear one heard on earth,



THREE HOURS WAITING AT THE GATES OF HELL.

month came around and you could not pay, you would write to the Commissioner, explaining that circumstances had prevented you keeping your promise, but that she could reckon on having the money as soon as you could possibly arrange it.

Yet, the same men and women have promised God at some time or other that they would do for Him, again and again, and AGAIN—AND HAVE NO CONCERN ABOUT IT. Lying to the Almighty, and not at all ashamed of it. They tell God what they will do, and then go back on it. Ah! but there is going to be a great white throne, and among the books that will be opened there, then, out of which men will be judged, will be a book, which is the

## RECORD OF BROKEN VOWS.

It will contain a list of vow-breakers—

that they would do right, serve God, and meet them in heaven—if we could have a list of the men and women who have, at some time or other, vowed they would serve God, and then gone back on it, WHAT A LIST IT WOULD BE!

UNFAITHFULNESS TO CONSECRATION VOWS; LYING TO GOD, LEADS TO LYING TO MEN. One sin leads to another. You get one step wrong and then you take another to justify it; another wrong, and another to justify that, and then you must take another, and then another, and then with your eyes shut—splash under the brimstone wave.

Ananias and Sapphira had failed in their promise. The time came—I do not know where it was, perhaps it was in the same upper room in which the Pentecostal power fell, perhaps it was under the shade of some green stretching tree, or perhaps it was in a tent—

but there stood Peter with the other disciples around about him, and the people were bringing in their offerings.

Here a man comes in: "I have sold the house, for so much more than I wished. Here is the money. I wish I had a hundred to sell, I would bring them all to my Saviour. Take it, and take it with my prayers that God will make it all His own."

Another enters: "Peter," he says, "I and my wife have sold all that magnificent furniture we had got together. We've cleared out the drawing room and have got some pitch pine in; it will answer just as well for the prayer meetings. Here is the money. Hallelujah! I wish I had some houses and lands to sell. I wish I had more to give to Jesus."

Still another: "Here is our jewelry, all the heirlooms; there is the engagement ring I gave my wife the year before I married her; there is the wedding ring; there are the rings out of the gold tips of my anklets and necklace, and the bracelets for her wrists. There is the gold chain I used to swagger about before I was converted; there is the gold tip of my cane. I wish I had a schum I used to smoke—there they are, I wish there was so many more. Take them and melt them down, and let the gold be used for the poor."

Now old Ananias' turn has come. Poor Ananias! I am very sorry for him. He looks the picture of misery! I ask him to try to tell me his own excuses. Is it not strange, what excuses people make when they don't do their duty? Where is his wife? She was with him in the sin—she ought to be with him to help him through. Perhaps she has gone down town to buy some new clothes, or to buy a new drawing room suite. I don't know where she is, but Ananias is there alone. He hides up, hands out a bag of money, and Peter looks at him—Peter can see into him.

"Ah," thinks Peter, "you suppose we don't understand you when you try to trade on us and deceive us. We can see into you. We are not the fools you take us for—we understand." Peter had the holy Spirit in him, and he could see into Ananias, but he asked, "Is this all?" He wanted the answer straight from the man's own lips. Peter asked, and as the man replies, tells him that he has not lied unto man but unto God, and Ananias falls back, as a corpse! He is carried out and buried. Three hours later his wife comes in. Peter puts the question to her, and receives the same answer. He tells her that the feet of those who buried her husband are at the door and shall hear her out also, and they carried her out and buried her beside her husband, and Ananias and Sapphira.

## MET IN THE NETHER WORLD.

to spend unending years of woe in mutual recriminations and regrets.

Now, I want to know whether we do not find a great deal of this sort of thing now-a-days? Don't we see sometimes a man like this, who professes to a consecration which they know they have never made; when men say they are saved when they are not, when we ask them I shudder at going to ask people, sometimes, whether they are saved or not, for fear it should become a temptation to them to lie. Fifty years ago, when I first began to preach, and to talk, I often asked people if they had found the mercy which I had to proclaim. I trembled sometimes at the false answers I got, and that we still get from such people.

In a certain city I had sitting on my platform a leading man in society, there an eminent man in civic matters, and also an eminent man in the House of Parliament. He sat listening to me. I knew he was a backslider. I knew he had two girls who ought to have been, and might have been, Captains in the Salvation Army, and would have been if it had not been for him. He sat listening to me and told me plainly I expected him to fall on his knees, and start crying to God to have mercy on his soul. He never moved.

Bere I left the city he came to see me and I talked to him as straight as I possibly could. I asked him what he was going to do, and whether he was going to finish up a backslider's life. He turned upon me and told me plainly to my face that he was all right, and was a saved man. I should not have been the least surprised if he had fallen on his knees and said, "I am lost." People lie, and say they are right, simply to get rid of you, simply to prevent themselves being talked to. I've heard of a man who said to me, "Sapphira? Do not men commit similar sin when they profess the continuance of a state of a religious life, which they have turned upon me and told me plainly when they profess to a continuance of communion with God, when they know they are backsliders. What is the excuse they make for not following in the same track with the innumerable excuses they make?"



## Cabinet Echoes.

HAMILTON, Ber.—On Sunday, Sept. 11th, Comrades Dunscombe and Smith farewelled for the Training Home (this making three that the Hamilton Corps have given to the Field. God's power was felt during the day, and the last words of our comrades will long be remembered. Adjt. Matthews spoke in reference to the lives of our comrades and their call to the Field. We finished up the day with a real hallelujah wind-up. At the close of the meeting everybody stood with hands clasped in prayer. A beautiful hymn of deep and colorful melody floated above the heads of two comrades and we sang that grand old chorus, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

—Yours, under the Flag, W. J. C. Howe, War Cor.

## The Doubt Devil.

## Soldiers' Testimonies.

## Helps for J. S. Workers.

## HOW D'AUBIGNE'S DOUBTS DISPERSED.

Soon after his conversion, M. D'Aubigne, the well-known historian of the Reformation, was sorely assailed and perplexed by the sophisms of German Rationalism—so sorely assailed, indeed, that he was plunged into unbearable distress, and spent whole nights without sleep, crying unto God from the bottom of his heart, and ransacking libraries for arguments and syllogisms to repel the assaults of the adversary. At length, in his perplexity, he resolved to visit the venerable Klenker, of Kiel, a celebrated divine, whose whole burden for forty years had been devoted to defending Christianity against the cavils of

infidel Theologians,

and to lay his difficulties before him for solution. He did so. The learned professor listened patiently and sympathetically to his recital, and then said simply, "My dear young friend, even were I to succeed in ridding you of all these pestilent doubts, others would straightway spring up in their place. There is a shorter, completer way, thank God, of annihilating them. Do you just take them all to Christ, and cast your burden upon Him, and just let Him be to you really the Son of God, the Author of eternal life, your Saviour from all sin, and my word for it, the very moment you thus feel your-

## Brother Maddock, of Fort William.

I well remember the night when my mother died. I was about four years old and was sleeping in the same room with her. A few minutes before she died she got up, walked over to my bed and told me and told me that I had a mother now but would not have one in the morning. In 1854, at the age of twenty I enlisted in the Queen's service, and soon after becoming a soldier I started to drink. The fearful appetite grew on me worse and worse until sometimes I would have to be carried home from the hotel. I came to Canada in 1861, with 10,000 of the Queen's troops, and was stationed at Montreal, serving there the balance of my time.

After my release, in 1864, I started to roam about in Canada and the United States, following up railroading, earning large wages constantly, but quickly spending my earnings. I would drink and drink as long as I could obtain it. Not until my last cent was spent would I go back to work.

After some years of wandering, I heard of Fort William, and like many others, followed the crowd to the place, seeking work. There I went to work, earned money and spent it in drink. Finally I got so low that I found it difficult to get work. I was generally to be found around the hotels, for I could not pass a hotel

The town of Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, contained about 600 inhabitants at that time, and this small place came to be the deemer of the world. It was situated five miles south of Jerusalem.

**THE WISE MEN.**—They belong to a caste of priests in the East, who made the study of the heavens their chief occupation, and were held in high repute because of the supposed knowledge. These wise men from the East had been LED OF GOD to come from their distant home to Jerusalem in search of the new-born King. What surprise must have met them when they reached Jerusalem to find the entire population ignorant of the birth of their King! A blind beggar recognized Him! His host never spoke, while the Pharisees saw in Him an impostor and blasphemer.

**FAITH OFTEN SPRINGS UP** in places where least expected. There were but four reigning over Jerusalem, foreign King, Herod, who was placed on the throne by the Roman power, but now in accordance with the promises of the Messiah, there comes the long-expected Messiah.

**HE WAS REJECTED,** both as Saviour and King, and is rejected by many to-day, nevertheless, He will reign. Guided by a star the wise men arrived for Him that they might worship Him. It was not curiosity that prompted them, **THEY WANTED TO FIND JESUS.** The Jews never found Him, because they had no purpose or desire to worship Him. Jesus is revealed not to the "wise and prudent," but to the "babes" who hunger for salvation and are ready to worship at His feet.

**HEROD TROUBLED.**—The news of the birth of Christ was a menace to him. He was an usurper, and knew that the Pharisees would use him as a pretext to depose him, hence he was afraid of a rival.

**HEROD'S PLANS.**—Under a pretence of civilizing information to the wise men, he asked them to lead him to the place where the Messiah was born, because they had no purpose or desire to worship Him. Jesus is revealed not to the "wise and prudent," but to the "babes" who hunger for salvation and are ready to worship at His feet.

**HEROD'S HYPOCRISY.**—As soon as he had obtained the information he sought from the scribes, he then enquired of the wise men what time the star first appeared. Their reply evidently had something to do with the massacre of the children some little time after. The presence of God makes wicked men tremble.

**WORSHIPPING JESUS.**—The wise men had obtained the information he sought from the scribes, he then enquired of the wise men what time the star first appeared. Their reply evidently had something to do with the massacre of the children some little time after. The presence of God makes wicked men tremble.

**THE GIFTS OF THE WISE MEN.**—By their act of worship the wise men recognized and accepted Jesus as the King whom they had been seeking so long. Then they laid down before Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. They viewed a sincere desire to give Jesus, the best they had, but He not only wants the best but all. Let us present ourselves to Him like that, with hearts that are giving Him all, and we shall be able to save and sanctify us.

The story shows us the manner in which we must accept Him as our Saviour and yield ourselves to Him.

**QUESTIONS.**  
1. Name the place where Jesus was born.  
2. What was the population of Bethlehem?  
3. How far was it from Jerusalem?  
4. Who was king there?  
5. How were the wise men directed to Jesus?  
6. What did they do when they found Him?

**MEMORY TEXT.**  
"They rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

**COMING SOON!**

**"THORNS."**  
By the Field Commissioner.

**"THE GERMAN WAR."**  
By Commissioner McKie.

**"JACOB."**  
By Brigadier Complin.

## Tares or Wheat! Which?

By PROFESSOR MUDD, Australian Industrial Farm.

**H!** that is the question! How very difficult to tell. So much alike. The same habit, color, height and appearance. Only differing in fruit. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

**THE TARE** of Scripture is not the TARE of the British farmers. Our tare is a member of the pea tribe of plants, and is in fact a wild form of the Levitic. Tares and Levitic belong to the Ervum family. The Tare of St. Matthew's Gospel is what farmers call Boarded Darnel, or Poisonous Rye Grass. It is the Lolium of botanists, and was a very common pest in the corn fields of Palestine. The seeds are poisonous. The Wheat of the Gospel is the Triticum Cestivum of botanists. When our Great Master saw that wonderful illustration of that nutritious Triticum and poisonous Lolium, He knew what He was talking about. These two families of plants are clusby alike. The Lolium is a degenerate Triticum. The Darnel is

## Wheat Gone Wild.

These two families are closely allied—so are the subjects of the Heavenly and Earthly Kingdoms. The Darnel is Wheat gone wild—so is a wicked man. The Lolium is a degenerate Triticum—so are the wicked on the downward tendency.

Under certain conditions these two plants—Triticum Cestivum and Lolium Temulentum—are barely distinguishable from each other. If the summer is very wet and cold, the Wheat does not develop its full distinctive features. It becomes elongated and flattened. The Darnel, however, thrives under these conditions so unfavorable to the Wheat; hence there becomes such a resemblance between them that it is only when the fruit is ripened that they can be separated from each other.

In times of worldly prosperity, glooms, and such like, the member of Christ's Kingdom very often gets drawn into transactions and close intercourse with the world's doings that their characteristic traits become somewhat defaced and render them almost inseparable from the world.

O hot summer, favorable to the development of fine ears of Wheat, is not so favorable to the Darnel.

## Living in the Fire

of God's Spirit stamps these of the Kingdom of Heaven with a brand which cannot be mistaken. In times of this world's troubles and adversities, when men outside the glorious Kingdom are heavy with grief and sorrow, we can go on producing fruit to the honor and glory of God.

**THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS IN THE FRUIT.** They both generate alike, produce one seed, then the same—long grass-like leaves. In the same soil, under the same conditions they grow on and on, producing bread after bread, and so on. Not Wheat—daily one produces Wheat, the other Darnel. The Wheat is gathered into barns, the Darnel into bundles and burnt.

## Separated at Last.

If Jesus intended this parable to be at any time in the world's history especially applicable it is at the present time.

Christians and worldlings are indistinguishable. There is such a running together of the two and the two are so blended of Christ and the world, that it is impossible to draw the line of demarcation. Our Master has, however, left us, and said of them, "By their fruits ye shall know them." You may not be able to distinguish them in appearance. Their surroundings may be of the same kind, and of the same kind, but look for the fruit. Mark the result of their lives.

The fruit Jesus looks for is souls, souls, souls. Men and angels made man in this life and fit for eternity. O Lord, prevent us from becoming Tares.

We are always complaining that our days are few and acting as though they would be no end to them.—Ad-dison.



## THANKS.



ET me thank you, ladies and gentlemen of the Salvation Army, for the ray you have voted for Prohibition. As the representative of the large and important family, GRAIN, I can say that we enjoy being collected by your inveterate workers, and do not object to being given as an offering to the Lord in your Harvest Festival Effort, for we know you will use us rightfully for the sustenance of life in the mortal body. But we do object to be given as an offering to the devil by being abused in the manufacturing of intoxicating drinks. I hope, ladies and gentlemen of Canada, that Prohibition will soon make any sinful use of our family impossible.



self consciously settled in His grace, all your

**Doubts will Utterly Disappear:**  
These difficulties of detail will no longer stop or stumble you; nay, the light which will fall upon you from Jesus Christ will dispense all your darkness, and make it within you. When I was a young man resolved to follow the advice of this venerable teacher. He returned to his inn. He opened his Bible, and some one strangely, the very first passage that arrested his attention was the words of Paul: "Now unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think."

## He Fell on His Knees.

"Of myself, O Lord," he cried, "I can do nothing. Do all Thyself; I believe. Thou canst; I know that Thou wilt." And it was done. When I arose, I saw this industrious man, "from my knees in that little room at Kiel, I felt as if the wings of my faith was renewed like the wings of eagles." And from that time onwards I comprehended that what I needed to free my mind from doubts and give me peace was not arguments, not syllogisms, but Christ—the living Christ—so working in me by His spirit and power as to save and sanctify me fully. The moment I felt that His presence was in my heart, all my inward anguish was gone, and God vouchsafed unto me peace like a river."

door if I had money enough to buy a drink.

At last the Army opened up at Fort William, and I was looking into the hotel which I had been told to hold in which I worked at the time. This gave me a good opportunity of spending the evenings. One night the message came home to me, and I (the drunk) started for the penitent form, and praised God. He saved me. That was about two years ago, and ever since I have kept me, and I have the promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for you."

## It Might Have Been.

In the English papers a few weeks since appeared the following letter found on a man who had committed suicide on the highway:

"I am now about to rush a revolting, cruel and wicked existence by an action of my own. I have broken every law of God and man, and can only hope that my memory will rise in the night of all who once knew me. Drink has brought me to this fearful end. I am dying hopeless, penitless and an outcast, and it might have been so different."

It might have been—how sad, yet true! As memory recalls to you The time when Jesus once before Knocked at your hard heart's bolted door.

## A Character Sketch.

## Daniel.

By  
Adjutant  
Mrs. Stanyon.

NO shall say what far-reaching, wide-spreading, world-wide issues shall spring from the germ of a mother's influence, born of sincere desire and holy ambition to see the tiny feet of her little one beginning to tread the path that leads to heaven and God.

The world, from its earliest history, owes much to parents of many a hero and heroine, who at some critical moment have stepped upon the stage of time, assisted by the powers of heaven, and with blazing hearts and fiery tongues and red-hot energies, so moved upon the very heart of Christendom as to bring about reformations and transformations which have caused the world to wonder, Hell to tremble, and Heaven to rejoice.

The subject of our sketch was one who—in all probability—owed much to the holy influences and teachings of his Jewish home. Jehovah was loved and worshipped there, and the same zeal which

resolved, showing the strength of his old-home-influence and the sufficiency of Jehovah.

He was a Lad of Daolalan.

He took his stand for RIGHT and was ready to stand alone—but his courageous attitude soon inspired others to stand with him, and they linked hands declaring by their actions their loyalty to the God of Israel, and that little band with the principles of Truth and Righteousness within them, with fixed purposes of heart, defied every power and met unflinchingly every foe, and stood as God's nobility in the Kingdom of Heaven, although on earth only the captives of an earthly monarch.

**DECISION!** How many have ignominiously failed and made shipwreck of their character for want of this virtue! Bright hopes blighted! Influence weakened! Sorrows multiplied! God dishonored! Heaven disappointed! Victories lost when nearly won! ALL FOR WANT OF DECISION. Daniel had it, and so have every man and woman who has ever achieved anything great in the interests of God and humanity in any generation.

And a brighter day dawned. But Daniel, knowing so well the weakness of human nature, resolved to have set times for prayer every day. By this means he could keep in touch with Heaven, and be the recipient of those blessings which God always gives so liberally to the seeker, and under four successive monarchs, in a post of honor, fraught with heavy responsibilities, he was faithful to his Heavenly and earthly king. His devotion to the country's interests was noted by his royal master, who, in return, made no secret of his confidence for and confidence in Daniel. He took his religion into his work, and amongst the cultured in the highest places it spoke loudly of an indwelling conquering power to which they were a stranger. His whole life was so spotless that even his enemies bore witness to his faithfulness, although they hated that dignified, pure and lofty character which exalted him to wondrous heights above themselves. They even thirsted for his blood and planned for his destruction! They argued who was his friend, that he should find such favor at Darius' court? They contrived to plan and scheme that this praying man's life might be sealed forever, but they failed to find any charge against him under the ordinary law, so they invented a new one for this express purpose.

He was faithful in the Face of Death.

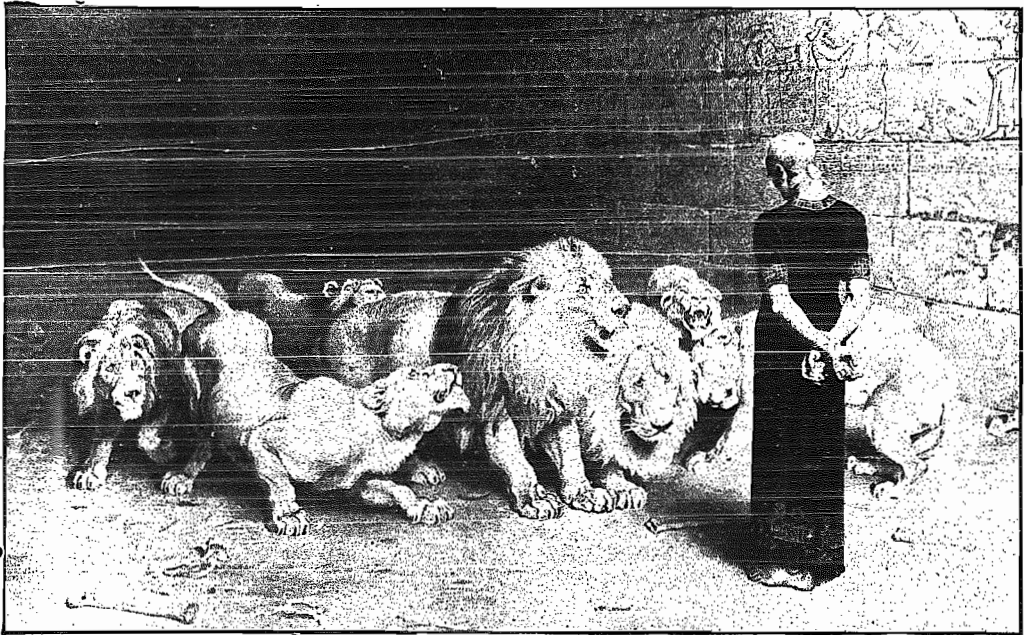
The plot was laid, the law was made, the decree was signed, and sent forth

a strong heart, a steady faith, and unflinching courage he embued the perit, pit and death, rather than dishonor the God of his mother and country.

He was thrown to the lions, but God had sent an angel to close their mouths, and His child and soldier stood in their midst unharmed and untouched. It was an opportunity for the king's sincere affection and sorrow to be known. Even HE had been taught to have faith in the ability of Daniel's God, for as his favorite minister was being hurried to the place of destruction, Darius said, "Thy God whom thou serveest continually, He will deliver thee."

Daniel was preserved, his enemies devoured, and God marvellously magnified in the eyes of the whole nation, and a witness has stood out before all ages declaring the possibility of man being faithful to God and His purposes at all times, under all circumstances, and in all vicissitudes of life.

Can God reckon on US as He reckoned on His servant of old? Have we come up to His expectations in the tests of our life, or have we been a disappointed moment? Have not fear of man and fear of pain often defeated the fulfillment of our very best desires and ambitions? Oh, that God will strengthen those principles which lead us that we may bring truly to Daniel's band, men and women who are ever found amongst the strong, the faithful, and the true!



constrained the parents to train their son for God, possessed the lad's own heart, and at a very tender age he manifested that force of character and faithfulness of his convictions which so strongly influenced his own and a multitude of other lives.

He was a hero of the truest type and most quality, and his mighty, world-affecting conquests were wrought by simple faith in that life and death crisis, his inspired thousands to loyalty to God and conscience at all costs. At the time of this great battle, Daniel was an old man, but from his childhood, strength of character had so developed by the practice of self-sacrifice and faithfulness in duty whether small or great, that when the fiery test of his life came, he found himself in the face of death itself just as he had ever been—"UNCONSCIOUS TO DEATH."

Look at him when under the fiercest temptation and the most glorious prosperity. He has just been brought captive from Jerusalem and put down in the midst of the dazzling splendors, luxuries and heathenism of Nebuchadnezzar's court. Surrounded by these influences some young man would have renounced, "I can't help myself, I must do as the Babylonians do." But Daniel "purposed in his heart" to put down his feet upon the wrong and do the right, resolving to do or do nothing unless his conscience approved; and he was faithful to his

Are WE standing amongst the army of the Inferior, hesitating, questioning, and weak, when we should be amongst the strong, the sure, the decided, and the out-and-out for God? Are we?

He was Faithful to His Convictions at all Times.

When once convinced of what was right he set his face like a flint to carry it out. **HE WAS FAITHFUL!** Indeed that faithfulness seemed to be the keynote of that budding life. It was stamped upon the smallest as upon the greatest duty. His deep-rooted principle made it impossible for him to deal differently with the one than with the other. He realized that SMALL things test life; that every day is filled with them—and to be faithful in these is to establish a character for faithfulness. What seems small to us may have infinite and eternal consequences!

He was Faithful in Prosperity.

When promotions and honors made him fill one of the most responsible positions in that remarkable land as statesman, his spirit retained its simplicity, his heart its favor, his conscience its sensitiveness as of old. All prosperity has often been the greatest of tests to faithfulness! Many a man who has fought his way through fierce temptations and vanished his foes on every hand, and stood immovable by his convictions of righteousness in adversity's darkness, has gone down and miserably failed when the mists have

"That no man was to pray for thirty days to any god, under the pain of death." Daniel heard it, reflected upon it, and realized to the full the consequences of disobeying the royal edict, and then with the same prompt decision which characterized his youth, he consecrated himself to his duty **FOR LIFE OR DEATH**. Denial could not be detected in his attitude, only the brave countenance in carrying out the old plan which had so often touched the very heart of Jehovah Himself, and thrown open the flood-gates of Heaven, filling to overflowing his heart with those blessings which had increased his peace and power, and made him to stand as a conqueror over the world, the flesh, and the devil times innumerable.

Of course he prayed on—he could do no other—his windows must still be opened towards Jerusalem, his beloved native land, the seat of his best affections and dearest hopes! His courage was heroic, his confidence sublime, his trust perfect!

*"Give thee the faith that dare do right,  
That keeps the weakest brave and strong,  
That will for Jesus nobly fight,  
That turns life into song:  
That peers through the fiery test,  
That faces and passes and does its best."*

His enemies discovered and the charge was made which he could not deny! What a moment! Heaven was watching, Hell was anxious, and Babylon was curious. But this hero of God came up to the great crisis of his life a conqueror! He had conquered all through, and with

## THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any copy of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work.

Will comrades or friends send parcels of literature when sent to the following officers and Mercy League Secretaries—

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple  
LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Major Southall, Clarence St.  
HAMILTON Ont.—Mrs. Captain Dodge, Rebecca St.  
MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 250 University St.  
DULUTH Minn.—Mrs. Dawson  
VICTORIA B. C.—Mrs. Captain Lacey  
ST. JOHN'S Nfld.—Emory Towell, 26 Cook St.  
WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Harker  
HALIFAX N. S.—Eugene Beuchamp, 40 Hollis St.  
ST. JOHN N. B.—Adjutant Lock, 65 Elliot Row.  
FREDRICKTON, N. B.—Captain Bishop  
SPokane, Wash.—Adjutant Langtry, 732 Fourth  
HARBOR GRACE Nfld. Mrs. Wiltman  
OTTAWA, Ont. Mrs. Weber, Salvation Army.

or send addresses of those having periodicals to dispose of to Mrs. Brigadier Reed, League of Mercy Secretary, Toronto Temple.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one who is interested in its prison work to Mrs. Reed, Albert St. Toronto, enclosing stamp for reply.

Emptying the soul is essential. Without it nothing else of any definite value in holiness work can be accomplished. Nevertheless, emptying the soul from sin after all is only a negative—taking away of something that ought to be removed—while the postpositive filling in is the real, the rich, the essential part of holiness.—Rev. E. J. D. Pepper.







Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has conducted special field and Staff Councils at Bordeaux and Nîmes, followed by public meetings. In spite of the very oppressive heat, great crowds attended and most blessed results are reported.

Self-Denial Week will be observed Oct. 23rd to 29th. The target is fixed at 75,000 francs (about \$14,50).

The Territory has now 5,130 enrolled soldiers and militia.

Commissioner Rollin is conducting a special campaign in the West of France. The meetings over which he presided at Rochefort and La Rochelle were particularly rich in heavenly blessings.

The Army has lost one of its bravest friends and supporters in this country, the Rev. Edw. Vernier, who has been called home by his Saviour. At the request of the widow, Capt. Berard, of the Valence Corps, offered a prayer at the funeral service.



In view of the urgent need for more officers a "Candidates' Sunday" is contemplated.

Commissioner Ridsdell's visit to Butaway was a triumphant time. The Commissioner is in good health, and pushing ahead with much aggression.

Plans are on foot to bring Kathi Salvationists more to the front. Amongst them are effective speakers who will be of splendid service in town native work.

Social work is by no means limited to the sheltered. A Field Officer told that during two or three months, over thirty cases had been sheltered in his barracks and quarters.

A booming Junior work is going on amongst the Amoskox. Brigadier Wimmer, the Provincial Officer for native work, writes jubilant of their Junior Soldiers' Annual, at which the little natives executed songs and drills with much skill. One hundred and thirty prizes were awarded to the children.



Brigadier Clibborn has visited England on important matters.

Officers have opened public meetings in Rome and Milan.

Brigadier Clibborn, back from London, has resumed his duties at the Turin Headquarters. He speaks most encouragingly of the work in the country.



A young man who disturbed the Salvation Army meeting at Conton, Japan, was warned by Capt. Mullins that "the hand that dishonors God will be the one to bring him into trouble." A few days afterwards, while shooting on Sunday, his right hand was so badly injured by an accidental shot that it had to be amputated.

#### High Time at Riverside.

Major and Mrs. Horn, with his tall wife, Edna Adams, held forth at Riverside, Sunday, October 2nd. The meetings were good outside and inside and all day. Waxed up at night with four at the penitent farm.

#### Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon at Yorkville

Exceptionally good meetings on Sunday. A veteran of sixty years Christian experience gave stirring testimony. Marches, songs, and prayer. The Corps in good shape. Capt. Kerr welcomed as a soldier of the corps. Adjutant spoke with fiery vehemence. One sinner sought salvation at the penitent farm.

ALTHOUGH I have not troubled the readers of the War Cry with my Reflections of late, they will not, I hope, therefore conclude that I have given up reflecting, neither must they suppose that I have ceased to have matters under my observation worthy of being reflected upon; because never of late have more important matters been transpiring within the sphere of my influence, or have I done more reflecting on the same. Indeed, I think sometimes that if, in common with many of my comrades, I reflected less and believed more, it would be better for the Kingdom all round. Still, we must attend to the reflecting, and not leave the believing undone. At least the Editor of the War Cry is of that opinion, and that he not only thinks that I should go on reflecting, but would, as of old, some of my reflections to his readers, whom he assures me, will be pleased to receive them. May I be allowed to hope that they will find some profit as well as some little interest in their perusal.

#### Brigadier Read and Staff-Captain Phipp.

Among other things that have forced themselves upon my notice, and compelled my consideration, have been the attentions of our old acquaintance—DEATH. Within the last few days he has taken from our ranks two comrades whom we could hardly spare. The Promotion to Glory of Brigadier Read has been already noted in these columns, and this week the report reaches me that Staff-Captain Phipp has joined the Host above. The departure of both was sudden and unexpected, and they are truly mourned for by their General. To the dear heavenly ones who are likely to feel the loss most acutely, I tender both my own sympathies and that of every comrade in the Army.

#### The Army Sympathisers.

On the morning of the 20th instant, Evangeline Booth-Tucker, my twenty-eight grandchild, went through the Gates of Pearl into the City of God. It is not difficult for me to believe that her dear grandpa has received and taken charge of the child, who came to us with so much promise nearly three months ago, and died under her watchful care, as she will be trained up to celestial womanhood, and so made meet for the Master's use, whatever that may be. Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that Evangeline will be a joy to her dear Mother and Father when they meet again. She will have for her coronation robe Heavenly home, the three dear Grandchildren who have already preceded her to the Hallelujah Land. I, too, shall meet her.

I am sure that I am perfectly safe in assuring the Consul and Commander of the sympathy of every reader of the War Cry, and every Christian, that carried the little one away was of the most acute and agonizing character, and at least one member of the family was brought to the edge of the River by it. It has been a trying and painful affliction, but God will make it work for good.

#### An International Sensation.

Almost every reader of the War Cry will have heard of the immense success of Russia's appeal to the Nations in favor of Peace. In this document he asks whether the time has not come when the increase of Armies and Navies, with the tremendous cost involved thereby, should not be arrested. I need not say that this appeal delighted me, and I have readily known that I have said "Amen" to it in the readiest and most emphatic manner possible. Last my readers may not have seen it, subject of my Imperial telegram I forwarded to St. Petersburg immediately the information reached me:

"To H. I. M. the Czar, St. Petersburg.

"May it please your Majesty, I have received with profound thankfulness from God the message of His Imperial Majesty's wise, beneficent and Christlike proposal in favor of Universal Peace. I cannot refrain from ascribing to the international spirit of the Salvationists in all part of the world, whose prayers will ascend to Almighty God for the success of this noble and righteous cause, which they are ever striving, and which are moving

you to seek the true welfare of all Nations. This great act of Goodwill must for ever add to the honor of your Majesty's name and reign and Country."

General of the Salvation Army."

The Czar's Receipt has commanded universal attention, and has been responded to with the heartiest wishes for the success, which nation being willing to join in a compact to stop the multiplication of Soldiers and War Ships, if it can do so without any serious interference with its present possessions, or its ambitions to acquire more. Whether it will be regarded in any more serious light remains to be seen.

#### Universal Peace.

But what about the Receipt—a greater than that of the Emperor of All the "Russias"—issued two thousand years ago, brought down direct from the Throne of God, and which proclaimed Peace through all the ages, and Goodwill to every man upon its surface? In there any true ground of hope for Peace? Military men are of the opinion that injunction is allowed to remain comparatively dormant, if not actually a dead letter? The Peace contemplated in that Proclamation is of

#### Threefold Character.

1. We want Peace between Man and God. How can there be any real and abiding Peace while men are at war with their Maker? That is the first business.

2. We want Peace in every individual man's own bosom. While men are fighting in their own souls—that is, inclinations pulling one way and conscience pulling the other—there can be no patience, and forbearance, and benevolence that are essential to Peace abroad?

3. When men are friends with God and at Peace in their own minds, then may we hope for that beautiful, blessed benevolence and self-denial which will bring peace to the nations. It is impossible, but end those bitter quarrels, strifes, and contentions that are far more destructive of the happiness of men in this life, and their bliss in the world to come, than any conflicts between the nations can be.

While wishing all desired success to the Czar and everyone else who fights the demon War, the Salvation Army perseveres in her God-ordained task of promoting International Peace, with God, Individual Holiness, and Individual Consecration to the work of saving the multitudes who are living, and fighting, and dying in our sins. Comrades, we are going right; we only want to push along much faster.

#### An Extravagant Notion.

It has long been my belief—however improbable its realization may appear to be to the unbelieving world around me—religious, and I believe, every thing else—that the working out of the Principles on which we deal with the Sinners of the world, would not only be a relief to the poor, but a source of these unfortunates, and thereby by stopping the multiplication of the Species, but also in making the Rescued pay the expense of their deliverance. This was to be obtained, in the first instance, by the value of the work done and the profits created by the sale of their rations. In the second, by the creation of a conscience in those delivered, which should lead them to repay the money expended upon their redemption as soon as they were able to go out into the world. Already hundreds, nay, thousands, of men dragged up from the depths of Poverty and Vice, and Crime, are filling respectable and remunerative positions. Why should they not give a portion of their earnings in honor and bequeath a share of their fortunes at death, for the support of the Institution that has been the means of their Salvation for Time and Eternity? Already something in this direction is being done, and the letter that follows, forwarded from Paris last week by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, illustrates my contention:

"To Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

"My dear Commissioner,—About three years ago, having fallen through my own fault into the deepest moral and physical misery, I met you at the Salvation Army, which held out to me a saving hand, and drew me out of that position. I left the Institution a fortnight ago, during which time God

has particularly spoken to me. Not being able to find work, I enlisted in the Marine Infantry, and received a bounty of Two Hundred Francs.

"Of this sum I beg of you to kindly accept One Hundred Francs, which I sent you by Post Office Order in this letter. I cannot call this action really a gift, for six years ago I found a Bank Note for One Hundred Francs in the public library, and in an awkward position, I kept this money, but God showed me while with the Army that I ought to return it. Unfortunately I had not the money then, but now that I possess it I hasten to do so.

"Do not think, dear Commissioner, that it is without an effort that I do this; but, glory to God, He has gained the victory! I trust in Him who every time that I have bowed in prayer to submit myself has not forsaken me, and I know that in my Regiment He will keep me faithful and take care of me.

"I beg you to do with this amount whatever appears to you to be most useful. I know that in your hands the money will be put to good use. This sum in the Regiment would not have been of much use to me; perhaps it would have been a temptation, and it is with joy that I have returned it.

"Accept, dear Commissioner, the feelings of a grateful heart towards the Salvation Army.

"V—R—"

#### General Secretary and Adj. Manton at St. Catharines.

The General Secretary and Adjutant George Manton took a leading part in the special demonstration at St. Kitt's on Saturday and Sunday. Congregations were large, and the service was a result of indefatigable efforts of Ensign Fox to thoroughly advertise the meetings. A wave of blessing swept over the souls of the people, largely, Public Impressed for God and right.

#### Central Councils.

A series of councils, at which the officers of the Bowmanville, Hamilton and Toronto Districts were present, were conducted by Brigadier Gaskin and the Provincial Staff, in Toronto on Wednesday, Sept. 26th.

Both sessions were marked by freedom and cheerfulness. Everybody came in expectancy for something good, and they were not disappointed.

A large meeting at the corner of Queen and Spadina was followed by a glorious meeting in old Richmond St. barracks. The building was crowded, and the service, through there was a good feeling, which now and again manifested itself in the outburst of Amens and Hallelujahs.

Testimonies were given, and enthusiasm followed in quick succession for about 25 minutes; then the heavy guns were placed in position, and a terrific battle followed. Music and song, mingled with the roar of the artillery; the position of the enemy was attacked and a desperate effort made to retake the fortifications. The Brigadier gave a practical Bible reading. Mrs. Gaskin hit with effect. Mrs. Hargrave sang a sweet song, while Adj. Barnes and others gave out some red-hot truth. The net was pulled in by Staff-Capt. Hargrave, and after a long struggle, just as we were about to close, a powerful sea-kalld returned home. Many were deeply convicted and wounded. They ought to have yielded, but put it off to some other time.

#### G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN SIMS.—Newport, Vt., Oct. 13, 14; St. Johnsbury, Oct. 15, 16; Barre, Oct. 17, 18; Burlington, Oct. 19, 20.

ENSIGN CUMMINGS.—Minot, N. D., Oct. 14, 15; Devils Lake, Oct. 16, 17; Larimore, Oct. 18, 19, 20; Hannah, Oct. 21, 22, 23; Killarney, Oct. 24; Morden, Oct. 25, 26; Winnipeg, Oct. 27.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Snohomish, Oct. 13; Winthrop, Oct. 14, 15, 16; Chatham, Oct. 17, 18; Tisbury, Oct. 19; Chatham, Oct. 19, 20; Thamesville, Oct. 21; Bothwell, Oct. 22, 23; Toronto, Oct. 24-31.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Newcastle, Oct. 15; Douglastown, Oct. 16; Chatham, Oct. 17; Presburg, Oct. 18; Woodstock, Oct. 19; Fastote, Oct. 19; Houlton, Oct. 20; Calais, Oct. 21; St. Stephen, Oct. 22, 23.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Kirkcaldy, O., Oct. 13; Norfolk, Oct. 14; Kinnouir, Oct. 15, 16; Fenelon Falls, Oct. 17; Riarboro, Oct. 18; Omene, Oct. 19; Bowmanville, Oct. 20, 21; Oshawa, Oct. 22, 23.



## Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

### CHAPTER IV.

FERREWARDS we came to Paris, where my mother-in-law, my father-in-law, and myself were to reside. My mother-in-law was spared to make me appear to advantage. One who had asked for me in marriage for several years, my father, for family reasons, had refused. But, a fair test I should leave my country, together with the sufficient circumstances of this gentleman, induced my father, in spite of his own and my mother's reluctance, to promise me to him, which was done without consulting me. They made me sign the marriage articles without knowing what they were; though I was well pleased with the thoughts of marriage, flattered myself with a hope of being set at liberty, and delivered from the ill-treatment of my mother.

I did not see my spouse-elect, at Paris, till three days before our marriage. I could scarcely be said all the time after my being contracted, to know the will of God. On my wedding day, my mother-in-law, to bear with me, and allow me to pray to Thee with as much boldness, as if I had been one of Thy friends, the joy of our daughter was universal through our village. Amidst this general rejoicing, there appeared none sad but myself. I could neither laugh nor cry, so much was I depressed, though I knew not the cause, that it was a foretaste God gave me of what was to befall me. The remembrance of my desire to be a nun came pouring in upon me. All who came to compliment me could not forbear rallying me, because I wept bitterly. I answered: "Alas! I am married? And what fatality has such a revolution befallen me? No sooner was I at the house of my spouse than I perceived that it would be a house of mourning. The manner of living was different from that of my father's house. My mother-in-law, a widow, regretted nothing else but what they lived in great elegance; and when my husband and mother-in-law called pride, I could not help weeping."

At the time of my marriage I was a little past fifteen. My surprise increased when I saw I must lose what I had acquired with so much application. At my father's house we were obliged to behave in a gentle way, and speak with propriety. Here they never hearkened to what I said, but contradicted and faulted. If I spoke well, they said it was to give them a lesson. If I spoke my sentiments, they said it was to enter into my mind, and to silence in a shameful manner, and scolded me from morning until night. My mother-in-law conceived such a desire to oppress me in everything, that in order to vex me, she made me perform the most humiliating offices. All her occupation was to thwart me, and she inspired in me a sentiment in her words. They would make persons far my inferiors take places above me. My mother, who had a high sense of honor, could not endure this. When she sent me from others, for I told her nothing, she chided me, thinking I did not know how to keep my rank, and that I was no girl. I was almost ready to die with the agonies of grief and vexation. And what aggravated them all, was the abundance of the presents which had been proposed for me, the difference, the love they had for me, their agreeableness and politeness. All this made my position painful, my burdens intolerable. My mother-in-law upbraided me in regard to my family, and spoke incessantly to the disadvantage of my father's house. I never went to see them, but I had bitter speeches to bear on my return.

My mother complained that I did not come often to see her. I was, however, well attended to by my own family, and too much attached to my husband. I had heavy suffering to undergo on both sides. My husband obliged me to stay at all day in my mother-in-law's room, without any liberty of retiring into my own, so I had not a moment's respite to myself. She would tell her friends of me to everybody, to lessen the affection some entertained for me, and galled me with the grossest affronts before the company. The more she said, the more she wanted; for the more patiently they saw her bear it, the higher esteem they had for me.

To complete my affliction, they presented me with a waiting-maid who was everything with them. She kept me in sight like a hawk, and in a strange manner. For the most part

I bore with patience these evils. But sometimes I let some hasty answers escape me, which was a sort of grievous offence to my mother-in-law, and for a long time. When I went out the footman had orders to give an account of everything I did. I began to cut the bread of sorrow and misdeeds with my drink. At the table they always did something to me, which covered me with confusion. I could not forbear tears, and had a double confusion: one for what they said, and the other for not being able to refrain weeping. I had no one to confide in who might share my affliction, to assist me to bear it. When I would impart some hint of it to my mother, I drew upon myself some crosses, so that I resolved to have no confidant of my trouble. It was not from any natural enmity that my husband treated me thus; for he loved me passionately, but he was hasty, and my mother-in-law continually irritated him about me.

Such weighty crosses made me return to God. I began to deplore the sins of youth; for since my marriage I had not committed any sin, except in the reading of romances. Novels appeared to me only full of deceit. I put away even indifferent books. I resumed the practice of prayer, and sought to offend God no more. I felt His love gradually recovering the ascendant in my heart, and banishing every other. Yet, to be so well as I was, and self-complacency, my most grievous and obstinate sin.

My crosses doubled every day. My mother-in-law, not content with the least speech of mine, and private, would break out in a passion about the smallest trifles, and scarcely be pacified for a fortnight together. These so injured the vivacity of my nature, that I became like a lamb that is shorn. As my age differed from theirs, my husband was twenty-two years older than I, I saw that there was a probability of changing their humors, fortified with years. As I found that whatever I said was offensive, I knew not what to do. One day, weighed down by grief and despair, being alone, I was tempted to cut out my tongue, that I might no longer irritate those who hated every word I uttered with rage and resentment. But Thou, O God, didst stop me and show me my folly.

My condition in marriage was rather that of a slave than of a free person. My husband was gouty. This malady caused me many crosses. I had the rout twice the first year, six weeks each time. He was so plagued with it, that he came not out of his room, nor often out of his bed. I carefully attended him, though so young. His mother told me that when anyone said anything to him against me, he flew into a passion. It was the conduct of Providence over me; for he was a man of great strength of mind. When I was sick, he was inconsolable. Had it not been for my mother-in-law, and the girl I have spoken of, I should have been happy with him. For most men have their passions, and it is the duty of a woman to bear them peacefully, without irritating them by cross replies.

The first year I did not make proper use of my afflictions. I was still vain. I sometimes fled, to excuse myself to my husband, and to his mother. Sometimes I fell into a passion. But Thou, O God, opened my eyes. I found in Thy reasons for suffering, which I never saw in the nature of my afflictions, a way clearly and with joy that this conduct, unreasonable and mortifying, was necessary; for had I been applauded here as I was elsewhere, I should have grown intolerably proud. I had a full common to our sex, I could not hear a beautiful woman praised without finding fault with her.

Just before the birth of my first child, they were induced to take great care of me, and my crosses were mitigated. Indeed, I was so ill, it was enough to excite the compassion of the most indifferent. They had so great a desire of having children to inherit their fortune, they were continually afraid that I should hurt myself. I took a fever, which rendered me so weak that I could scarcely bear to be moved, to have my bed made, or when I began to recover, an imposthume on my breast, laid open in two places, gave me great pain. Yet all these maladies seemed only a shadow of troubles, in comparison with those I suffered in the family; which daily increased. I was also subject to violent headaches. Life was so wearisome that I sometimes thought I were thought mortal did not frighten me

The sickness improved my appearance, and served to increase my vanity. I was glad to call forth expressions of regard; and when in the street, I pulled off my mask out of vanity, and drew off my gloves to show my hands. Could there be greater folly? After falling into these weaknesses, I used to weep bitterly at night; yet when occasion offered, I fell into them again.

My husband lost considerably. This cost me strange crosses, and I seemed to care for the least pain. I thought I was the butt of all the ill-humors of the family. It would require a volume to describe all I suffered.

I would be totally silent with regard to their treatment of me, were it not for the injunction you have laid upon me, as my spiritual director, to relate everything.

I now dressed my hair in modest manner, never painted, and to subdue the vanity which still had possession of my heart, I rarely looked in the glass. My reading was confined to books of devotion, such as Thomas à Kempis and Francis de Sales. I read them about to the servants, while my husband was dressing my hair; and suffered myself to be dressed as she pleased, which took away the occasions wherein my vanity used to be extended. I knew not how things were; but they always thought all well in point of dress. How often have I gone to church, and I was so much to worship God as to be seen. Other women, jealous of me, affirmed that I painted; and told my confessor, who chided me with it. I assured him I was innocent. I spoke in my own praise, and sought to raise myself by depreciating others. Yet these faults endured, and I made myself very sorry afterwards for having committed them. I often examined myself strictly, writing down my faults from week to week, and daily proved. But, alas! this labor, though fatiguing, was of little service, because I trusted in my own efforts. I wished indeed to be perfect, but my good desires were languid.

At one time my husband's absence was so long, my crosses and vexations at home so great, that I determined to go to him. My mother-in-law strongly opposed it; but this once my father interfering, she let me go. I found he had likely to have died. Through vexation and fretting, he was much changed; for he could not finish his affairs, having no liberty in attending to them, keeping himself concealed at the Hotel de Longueville, where Madame de Longueville was extremely kind to me. As I came publicly, he was in great fear lest I should make him known. In a rage he bade me return; but love, and my long absence from him, surmounting every other reason, he relented, and allowed me to stay. I kept me eight days, without letting me stir out of my chamber; till, fearing the effects of such a close confinement, he desired me to walk in the garden.

I cannot express all the kindness I met with in this house. All the domestics served me with emulation, and applauded me. Everyone studied how to divert or oblige me. Outwardly everything appeared agreeable, but chagrin so ruffled my mind, that I had continually something to bear. Sometimes he threatened to throw the superfluous of the window; but I was so much of mind about my injury, said he was a keen appetite. I made him laugh, and laughed with him. This appeased and diverted him. Before that melancholy prevailed over all his endeavors and over the love he had for me. But God armed me with patience, and gave me grace to return him no answer, except that the devil was to retire in confusion, through the signal assistance of that grace.

(To be continued.)



SECRETARY AND SISTER KNAPP, Of Ingersoll.

## Ingersoll's Prohibition Rally.

A thoroughly representative and enthusiastic Prohibition Meeting was held in the Army barracks during the recent campaign.

Though the rain had fallen steadily throughout the afternoon and evening, it quite failed to dampen the ardor of the many earnest workers in this band to hand fight with the powers of darkness and sin. A slight disappointment was caused by the absence of Mr. McKay, of Woodstock, but this was replaced by delight when the Rev. James Grant, Pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, was announced as his substitute.



J. S. MORREY, Secretary and Sister Knapp, Union Park, Co.

Our good friend, Bro. J. S. Morrey, who occupied the chair, opened with a rousing salvation song, "We're a band that shall conquer the foe," after which prayer was offered in behalf of the present crisis of our country's future, and the victims of the drink traffic, that they might be led to the Fountain of Life.

Secretary and Sister Knapp next sang a suitable song, T. A. Bellamy presiding over the meeting and gave an interesting statement of the States and also local townships which have adopted Prohibition, and are prospering steadily.



T. A. BELLAMY, Editor "Sun."

The "Ten good (?) reasons why I should vote No." were handed, Mr. Bellamy turning away the cloak of selfishness and ignorance from each and revealing them in their meanness and falsehood—unable to bear the daylight, Rev. Mr. Grant followed, and was heartily received. His address was from the heart to the heart, every word carrying weight and bringing light and inspiration.



REV. JAMES GRANT.

The responsibility resting on each franchise holder with deal with. "Let us have no skulking on the 29th. . . \$2 extra taxes, indeed! These stand before you to read, a man who would give \$2 if needed, and never will be have parted with money so willingly in his life. (Laughter and applause.)" Another: "No price is too dear to wipe out this blight and stain and curse from our country. . . Do not give a brass button for a man who is not willing to pay for his principles!" (Hear, hear.)

T. A. Bellamy moved a vote of thanks for the address of the Rev. Mr. Grant, and they sang the hymn "We are engaged ourselves in this and every good work. Motion seconded by Mr. T. Newton and carried unanimously.

Capt. Stone spoke of the Army's attitude towards the drink traffic. The meeting closed with every heart enthused and many doubtful ones converted. "Now as you pray."—Reg. Cor. Alvin Kennedy.

If thou expect death as a friend prepare to entertain it; if thou expect death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it; death has no advantage, but when it comes a stranger.—Quintus.

Do you know the meaning of the word "forever"? If you do you will be able to give a more complete of the value of your neighbor's soul, and some idea of how much you should value it, for it.—Commandant Herbert Booth.



## BRIGADIER AND MRS. GASKIN TOURING IN NORTH ONTARIO.

Leaving Toronto by the early morning train, we reached Orangeville about 11 o'clock, where Capt. Wick and Lieut. Paxton met us. We had nearly half an hour's chat about the war. I was pleased to learn that in spite of the hardness of the work, and many of the difficulties, the work was progressing, and that two recruits had been recently enrolled, who were doing well. The kindly thought of the officers in bringing us a lunch to the train will not be forgotten.

**OWEN SOUND.**—Capt. White met us at our arrival and escorted us to the quarters. Ensign Smith had just enrolled six new soldiers, who are going to make good. Black-and-Blue met us in spite of rain we had a grand open-air meeting; the large crowd was splendidly attentive. The inside meeting was good; four Local Officers were appointed. Ensign Smith has things well in hand and a good work is going forward. Unfortunately, the Ensign has been very busy with the officers in a well-earned furor. Capt. Goldberg and Lieut. Kivell are holding the fort.

**LITTLE CURRENT.**—After being kicked and rolled about by the Georgians all night, and suffering some considerable inconvenience internally in consequence, we were pleased to reach this little town shortly after 6 o'clock. A hasty cup of tea and a brush-down, and here is Brother Wilson with his famous team, ready to drive us to the outpost, over seven miles away.

**SEHEQUINAH.**—Up hill and down hill, over rock and through brush, and here is the little wooden barracks. It is up the hill for the little town. This barracks is one of the cleanest, neatest little places I ever saw, built entirely by the few soldiers. We had a good meal and a good night's sleep. The Indians sang and testified fine. After the meeting Bro. and Sister Welsby provided for the needs of the inner mission.

Then came the journey back. Bro. Wilson's ponies are marvels of sure-footedness and good eyesight, and Bro. Wilson knows how to drive a team and no mistake. Unfortunately, when about half way home a spring broke, which occasioned some delay. We reached Lake Umbagog at 1 a.m. We found our way to the billet to discover that the lamp had gone out and the family retired for the night. We went out into the street, begged some matches of a man we chanced to meet, and retired "just a little" tired.

After the night Ensign Andrews (G. B. M.) turned up, and in company with him on Saturday morning, we "viewed the landscape." The little Current has a population of some 400 or 500 people, so we were remarkably pleased with the audience of 108 adults on a Saturday night in this little town where a fine welcome meeting was held.

Sunday morning found us at Sucker Creek, Indiana Reserve. We had a fine meeting, and a most constatable Interpreter and ONE soul was saved. Barracks nearly full.

The afternoon at Little Current was somewhat different. In numbers, although we had a fine open-air meeting. However, what was lacking in the afternoon was what was lacking in the morning. The soldiers were at the crowded open-air meeting, and 261 adults gathered in the Music Hall for the evening service. We had a glorious time. The meeting was one on long to be remembered, and best of all TWO souls sought pardon, one was the Indian constatable who was in a back-slip 22 years during drink. Monday night we had another fine meeting, 150 people present, and a fine service. Tuesday, when TWO souls came forward.

Mr. Turner, a staunch friend of the Army, loaned us the large Music Hall for four meetings free. God will reward him.

Many outside people told me that since the Army's arrival in the town, the people had ceased drinking and that instead of being indolent and drunken, they were industrious and sober. Some 300 being salvated. We left on Wednesday afternoon by the boat, sorry that our stay could not be longer. Capt. Smith and Lieutenant Malinver, work like slaves and are loved by the people. God bless Little Current.

**SUBURY.**—It took nearly 27 hours to get here, including a wait of 16 hours at Cutlers. So it was with delight we spied the honnets of Adj. Carr and

Lieut. Matthews. Bro. Trickey helped with the baggage, and we were soon chatting over a cup of tea in the prim and neat quarters into which the officers have recently moved. The four days spent with these warriors were a moment's happiness and most profitable. The soldiers are a splendid band—whole-hearted, united and Blood-and-Fire. Three souls for sanctification and THREE for salvation were visible results. Crowds were good, finances magnificent. There is a bright future before this corps, especially in the better-situated new barracks.

**NORTH BAY.**—We arrived here at 2 a.m. Monday, and were glad to see Capt. McCann and her Lieutenant. Soldiers turned up well for open-air and we had a nice crowd inside and good meeting.

**HUNTSVILLE.**—We left North Bay



**RICHMOND ST.**—Beautiful weekend. Saturday night Ensigns Fletcher and Adams drew large crowds, speaking against the liquor trade. Sunday we had two comrades from the Farm. S.M. Edwards and Cand. Dalehenty. Adj. Stanton dropped in for the homecoming meeting, and brought along Mr. Stanton in the evening. Both the Adjutant and Mrs. Stanton gave a stirring address on temperance. Very impressive meeting, winding up with ONE beautiful case for salvation. We gave God the glory and go on.—Cadet Levett.

**CAMPBELLFORD.**—Adj. Aikenhead paid us an official visit, assisted by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. They should have been here for the Saturday night meeting. But getting lost twice on the road took them fifteen minutes out of their work. They got here at 11:30 p.m. We had a good day on Sunday. Big crowds outside and in. Barracks was packed on Sunday night. The meetings were very impressive. Rev. Redner's violin playing, and the two Sisters Smith's singing and playing were very much appreciated. Rev. Gibson and Stephenson also played their respective parts. The party started for Peterboro again Sunday night at 12 p.m.—W. Redner.

**WINDSOR.**—On—On Sunday afternoon a man was attracted to our barracks by the march. When the invitation was given he volunteered out and sought salvation for his experience. He said he was a German Lutheran, and has been ten years Superintendent of the Sunday School of that denomination. He knew nothing of the joys of Salvation. He has left for his home in Byron, Ohio, there to let his light shine for God. Our prayers were answered which he has taken his four Seniors and five Juniors who have sought salvation since last report. Our faithful assistant, Capt. Burton, is at the head of the march.—Ensign and Mrs. Hark, D. O's.

**TEMPLE.**—Good tidings we have to report. Things are moving with a will here, and sinners are being moved, through grace, to give up all for the Father who has sent them. Last Sunday meetings were a real help to us all. ONE soul got converted at home meeting. Meetings were held Thursday and Friday. On Saturday afternoon on Temperance and Prohibition and addressed by able temperance speakers of the city, not forgetting the women. Major Penneck, Sunday night's meeting was one of exceptional interest, and the power of God setting on all the minds. The sinners of the city are being moved. The soul's condition, so that SIX more precious souls came over on the side of Christ. This is what cheers us in our labor of love. We are going to win many more to righteousness.—F. Zurhouse, S. C.

**REVELSTOCK.** D. C.—Some months ago we received orders to proceed to the enterprising little town of Revelstock, B. C. In fulfilling this responsibility was great, yet knowing "He who had called" was able to make us equal to it. God has blessed us almost to the point of fainting. During the six months since we have been saved—some who have been picked from the lowest depths of sin are to-day able to give witness of His power and keeping power. To God be all the glory. They bless the day the Army came to Revelstock. Now we have to leave and we are confident they regret, yet we are confident they

at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, and after slightly over three hours' run, arrived at this pretty Mountain town. Capt. Nell was here—farewelling and going on a well-earned furlough, met us at the station. During the day we went and looked over the new barracks and quarters, which are nearly completed, and will have superior accommodations to the old building. Huntsville can boast a nice bathing house, which rendered efficient service outside and in. The Orange Hall was nearly full. We had a splendid meeting despite the fact of severe weather. The men in making themselves heard. TWO souls came to Jesus at the close. A short meeting of the Local Officers was held at 10 o'clock. The next morning our billet was reached. Quite a number of soldiers came down to the station to bid farewell to Capt. O'Neil, who has taken his way into the hearts of every body.

Capt. Barker and Lieut. Dales are "holding on" and have things well in hand. We had a fine open-air crowd on Wednesday night, and the hall was nearly full for the inside meeting, which was held at midnight. The soldiers here are a fine lot. Thursday was busy day—visiting, correspondence and corps business filled in the time. Unfortunately it rained at night, and both outside and inside the crowds were small. Nevertheless, we had a most soul-inspiring meeting and one we shall not soon forget.

**GRAVENHURST.**—A pouring, drizzling rain came down in torrents all day, which shook our faith for a crowd in the meeting. The open-air meeting was good, and the crowd nearly filling the barracks was a surprise. We had a splendid meeting, several Local Officers were commended, and two soldiers enrolled. Capt. Wilson and Lieutenant are leading the troops on to victory.

**ORILLIA.**—This was the last place visited. A deluge of rain came down Saturday night which made the crowd small. All day Sunday we had grand meetings, with soldiers and civilians, but no one surrendered. Congregations and finances are good. The soldiers turned out well. The singing of the Indian hymns was a great success. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell with Capt. McDougall are the indefatigable officers in command. We left Orillia at 10 a.m. Monday and returned to the H. Q. tired, but well satisfied with the trip.—A. G.

## Major Collier Visits Fairville and St. John Ill.

A Hot Time in the Old Corps Hurricane Band to the Front.

## BRIGADIER MARGETS AT CHARLOTTETOWN.

**CHARLOTTETOWN.**—Brigadier Margets' visit here has been very helpful. Ex-Major Dawson, a warm friend of the Army, presided at the welcome meeting Saturday night, and very happily bade the Brigadier welcome to the city. Adj. Creighton introduced him to the audience as the third ruler in the (S. A.) kingdom. Following an apt reply Brigadier Margets made a thrilling report of Chicago slums, and spoke on the work and progress of the great S. A. Sunday was a day of blessing. Harvest Festival in full swing, and the Brigadier made the most of the occasion, giving thrilling, soul-warming addresses at each meeting, singing with power and rousing the hearts of the men to service and sanctification. "This week the H. F. has held the boards—march with torches, band to the front, Juniors' march with the regiments, and the sale of garden produce and useful articles, valued assistance by Capt. and Mrs. Fred Knight and Capt. Edith Jones, and the necessary work of Adj. Creighton to make a bull's-eye. Results next week.—H.

**VICTORIA, B. C.**—Quite a few things have happened here lately of interest. First, a visit from the Washington Marine Band. They took splendid, both on land and in the water. The members of their playing and singing, and we enjoyed their visit very much. Harvest Festival kept us all busy lately, collecting and gathering in the food and stuff. Comrades worked well, and each done their level best. Target? Of course we got it. Did you ever know Victoria not to reach her target? Here they did not.—Ed. and go over it sometimes, too. Adj. and Mrs. Ayre did their utmost, assisted by Captain John Barron, were nicely decorated and tables arranged in sections. Every four sisters had a table each. Single sisters and single brothers had a table each, and mixed men and friends. One of the special articles was a LOAF OF BREAD EIGHT FEET LONG, the largest loaf ever baked in Victoria. Everything was sold by auction on the Monday and Tuesday night. Bro. Jones, one of the city auctioneers, kindly gave his services. God bless him. The lot of the Lord's messengers deserve praise for the way they worked and begged. We had a flying visit from Lieut.-Colonel Evans Sunbury, who sold his auction. He had a few words of encouragement to say to the comrades. Also had a short address from Mrs. Walker and her daughter, and then on Sunday night. They are well known in S. A. circles. They are on their way to India. God bless them both. The great S. A. cause is being carried up the people here. Subscriptions are being taken all over the city. We feel for our comrades very much over the loss of the Lord's messengers. Adj. Ayre collected \$20 from comrades and friends, and has gone over to help and cheer them up. Victoria corps are doing well, and with the help of the H. F. We feel their loss very much. It was the birthplace of M. L. The salmon keepers had their usual fund for H. F. and had been met with a special target at H. F. and S. D.

On Sunday afternoon and night the Major visited Fairville and conducted two rattling good meetings. This place was not very long ago a "hard go," and one could score get half a dozen penitents in a single hour. On Saturday afternoon, but this afternoon the place was filled with a good, attentive audience. New faces were seen on the platform, a brass band stayed a good number of soldiers came to the open-air, the crowd stayed in until the end of the meeting, conviction was seen on many faces, and the ranks were being renewed, and one woman came boldly out and sought the forgiveness of her sins.

At night the barracks was too small, and we had the meeting in the Orange Hall, which was filled to the doors. The best of order prevailed throughout the meeting, and the crowd listened attentively to all that was said. The Major spoke from "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," making suggestions for the future of the poor drunkard's life, in view of the prohibition election coming on, and urging the men present to vote for prohibition. At the close of this meeting the Major said, "I have been weeping on account of her sin in the afternoon, came to the mercy seat."

Monday night the united meeting at New was held by the Mrs. A. L. The city officers were present. A bus load of comrades came over from Fairville, including the famous "Hurricane Band" which name, by the way, you would consider a very appropriate one could you hear the bio-bio-blowing, and the terrific speed in which they go at it. The Major then, in the presence of the officer in charge of a corps sang a favorite chorus, called on two of their own soldiers to speak, and had a few words to say to the crowd. The Major commissioned a Publication Sergt.-Major, and a War Cry Sergeant. Then the Major tried some red-hot Gospel from the "H. F. and S. D." and the crowd sang. Hot coffee and cake were served at the close. The McElheney Brothers sang some good hot songs, the "Hurricane Band" played some of the old songs. "Salvation is the best thing in the world." to the tune of, "A hot time in the old town," and after that the Major said a few words to the corps this week-end.—Red Riding Hood.

Mark the instruction: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are now in the world, and the world is our home. His grace is equal to the cross. The commission is most definite and just as binding on us to-day as it was to the apostles when they first spoke. They were equipped to carry it out, and so can we be. There are many departments of God's work, but to the apostles it was to preach the Gospel, thus adorned with power from on high. Oh, for appropriating faith that claims the blessing and steps out on the miles, and over the mountains in His name.—Commendation Recs.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

## Cathering Gloom.

Although he knew that the kindly sentiment he felt for Mary was not such as a man should have for his wife, yet tired of the inward struggle until conscience he resolved that he would not jilt the girl, since Kittie was married again, yet no man who in the least, and however distantly recognized Almighty God, can with any safety ignore the decrees of his own conscience. Sheridan Decker and Mary Gore were in due time made man and wife, in harmony with the statutory law of the State, and in transparent violation of the command of God. Sheridan was receiving a comfortable salary in the position he still held, he had a snug sum in the bank, of the residue of his mother's effects, so the young people began life together comfortably.

Mary was radiantly happy and for a time her happiness gave her husband much content.

In the second year of their marriage a child was born, but died an infant. Mary, saddened and depressed, gave much of her spare time to mission labor, but Sheridan, who was more and more from the slight anchorage he had held in things divine. He had learned too well the lesson of his honor upon his duke with stocks to comfort with any funds entrusted to him, but losing heart he soon lost head as well, and fell into loose ways of life.

Charley saw with pain his friend was drifting again into evil association, but when he spoke to Sher. on the subject, reminding him that he was with the young wife whom he had married as a point of honor, Sher. laughed bitterly and answered only, "False to one, false to both; false in one thing, false in all."

Out of anxiety, Charley sought now to maintain kinder relations with the young wife, who now began to attend the meetings of the Salvation Army in the city. In her growing distress with which she viewed her husband's recklessness, her heart was moved and enlarged by the teachings of the Army, and after some time of hesitation, she went one night to the penitential form and gave herself to God with a definiteness and freedom from reserve she had not before known.

The two-fold effect of this step—that upon herself and that upon her husband—was very remarkable. In Mary band—was only a deeper tenderness, a firm perseverance and a serene patience; but Sher. was struck by her action beyond all that he could expect. His wife must be drawn away from him, and that, too, by the very organization whose secret influence he had known so long. He saw now himself so long a stranger to the penitential form and gave himself to God with a definiteness and freedom from reserve she had not before known.

In a certain sense, Sheridan never recovered fully from the shock of his wife's attack him down in Paris.

It was during the summer of his thirty-second year that Sher. began sensibly to feel the influence of the Army. He was continually languorous and oftentimes at his work was faint and dizzy. Several months he combated this growing weakness having ever more and more recourse to stimulants. Finally he went to a physician, who examined him carefully and at once ordered him off his office and told him candidly his disease was an organic affection of the heart. If he wished to live two years longer, he must betake himself to a smaller place, where he should seek only light employment in the open air.

To Mary and Charley this came as a terrible blow. The thought of the eminent danger in which Sher.'s soul stood, though the doctor proved to be right, aroused these two to alertness.

Charley cast about for a safe and quiet place the desirable spot was found. It was a quaint, pretty, quiet little place, perched on a hillside, ever-shielded from harsh winds and blessed with a remarkably pure atmosphere.

Sher. was indifferent as to whether he went or stayed, lived or died, but Mary, when she learned that the Mecca of their hope sustained a lively, if small, Army corps, was equally p-risist-

ent with Charley. She was now an enrolled soldier of the Army, and her heart beat high with hope for the conversion of her husband.

The coming autumn saw husband and wife established in their new home very comfortably.

Charley had written to the officers in charge of the corps with the result that Sher. and Mary were received as two dear friends, a tiny cottage was already secured for them and a qualified promise of work was awaiting Sher. provided he was strong enough to undertake it.

The work promised upon investigation not to be too arduous; it had to do with immense orchards and drying yards, so that Sheridan was ensured continued activity in the open air. By the time the various fruits were garnered and the season was over, there was every probability that after out-of-door occupation would await him.

Sheridan began to look upon himself as something better than a dead end after all, and in his increase of spirit, as also in the beautiful sympathies of her comrades, Mary found an incentive to her faith comfortable beyond expression. She would have been happier if Sher. had not turned so resolutely away from her plea that he accompany her to the meetings, but she realized she would compel him to always see in her a faithful soldier of Christ.

Sheridan's spiritual unhappiness at the time was great. He looked for a that he saw in his wife and many of her comrades, but he was firm in the conviction that he had shined away the one opportunity given him to appease God's wrath—an opportunity, he was persuaded, that Divine Justice would never renew. Viewing it in this light, it is not strange that the thought of attending a Salvation Army meeting was painful to him, though in the evenings when his wife did attend the meetings, he read the Bible with a patient and growing interest.

Sheridan held his own throughout the winter. Mary, who watched him closely, began to cherish a hope that the doctor had been mistaken, while even Sher. himself was encouraged.

But in the hard months of early spring, the young husband took a change for the worse. He strove bravely to shake off the lassitude that clung to him, but in April he was compelled to give up, and losing hope and strength, at length took to his bed, being convinced that the end was now approaching. He determined to meet his fate in silence.

Mary became exceedingly anxious to see Sher. saved, and prayed earnestly for his conversion.

The officers of the corps called frequently and never left without some earnest words of spiritual encouragement to the sick man; then, too, there were several soldiers who came more or less often, and among these was one for whom Sheridan conceived a special liking. When Mary saw this she spoke privately to the comrade, urging him to come as often as possible.

This comrade was a man of about fifty or sixty years old, a plain, rough, almost uncouth old fellow, with a wicked past and the present simplicity of a child. In everything he saw directly the hand of God, and his quaint

expressions of God's daily dealings with men were so utterly fearless in their faith that, though at first against his judgment, Sher. was strongly drawn to the old soldier. It is to be remembered that for some time Sheridan had secretly been reading the Bible, and there were two passages that had impressed him vitally. They were the story of Absalom's ingratitude and his father's anguish, and the parable of the Prodigal Son. In the parable of the Prodigal Son, the prodigal's possibilities that might have been Absalom's had that misguided young man only turned from his course and followed the heart of the father who so dearly loved him.

And now came this shrewd old Brother Stout, who, without in the least preaching, nevertheless in every word he uttered showed such a keen perception of spiritual truths that it was impossible to listen to him without admiration.

So it was that gradually the light of true conviction dawned into Sher.'s heart.

It was about this time that Mary began to notice in him a settled sadness, and in her distress wrote to Charley.

Charley came almost immediately. He was shocked and concerned when he saw deep a gloom had fallen over his friend's spirit, but he set himself determined to aid the cause, and yielding to his persistency Sheridan told him.

It was so pitiful that faithful Charley broke down under it and cried like a little boy.

Poor Sher., reviewing his life, felt that he had gone to lengths that no man could understand and could view with anything but contempt and repudiation. God, viewing him as a just and intelligent man would view him, must address to the man his own charges and had wilfully flung them away.

(To be concluded.)

## The Filthy Weed.

SCOTT DOWN ON TOBACCO.

In reference to tobacco, I will give you a little of my own experience with that baneful habit. I was an inveterate user of the weed for nearly twenty-five years. I was smoked through and through, like a red herring. But a few days after I got saved, I acted upon my own convictions, and the advice of a godly mother (who is now in glory) and bounced the pipes; but I did not do likewise with the chewing. Oh, no! That was a sweet morsel of sin that I liked to roll under my tongue. But God's word was verified in my experience. He says, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." Whenever I would give a testimony of the saving grace of Jesus Christ, a guilty conscience within me would say, "What about your tobacco?" That was the black fly in the pot of ointment which kept me out of the blessing of entire sanctification for over six months.

But when I was willing to renounce that sweet morsel of sin, and submit myself to the good government of Jesus Christ, the blessed Lord was not only faithful and just to forgive me for smoking and chewing light and knowledge, but also to help me cleanse myself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and ever since He has satisfied my mouth with good things. Glory to His name!

This is the end and purpose of Jesus Christ, to emancipate the human race from evil habits and passions, and propensities of the old carnal nature, and make us partakers of the Divine nature, and fit subjects for heaven and earth.—Walter Scott.

## Hot Shot and Sugar.

By ADJ. GID. MILLER.

Bring up a convert in the way he should be passed on he is old he will not depart from it.

Now, the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. The man who explains itself upside down—where there is (spiritual) liberty there is the Spirit of the Lord.

Some people are like a little girl I saw the other day; because there was a small baby who could not talk in the house, she would not talk. Then she began to creep. When asked why she did so, she said, "Baby don't walk, so I won't." Many Christians stop talking and walking because some who are weaker than themselves do so.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. Chicago fire was started by a cow kicking over a small lamp, but great was the result. There was three hundred millions of dollars worth of property lost. Two thousand lives lost, and over one hundred thousand people made homeless. The tongue is a little member, yet it can kindle great things. Many through it have lost their spiritual life and home.

Lev. 24:10—while selling War Cry's one day had a man pounce on him about not taking the sacrament, and went as far as to say if he did not take it he would never get to heaven. Just then a man who had overheard all that had been said, stepped up and asked the man if the thief on the cross took the sacrament before he went to heaven. The man was dumbfounded and the Lieutenant went on in peace.

We should praise and thank the Lord not only in the midst and in spite of trials and sufferings, but *IN THE MIDST*, knowing that these things come not by chance, but are the workings of God. They will work out for our good and His glory. If we are careful to learn the lesson He intends to teach us in each. It appears ridiculous on the surface to praise God for a trial or a suffering, but I believe it is the nearest way to victory.



## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We wish search for missing persons in any part of the globe; beloved and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Parents, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## First Insertion.

3201. MRS. LIVER WORKMAN. The address of the above is wanted by U. P. Flagler, of 325 Bridge St., Spokane, Wash. Any person knowing of her whereabouts please communicate at once with us.

3202. MRS. JENNIE JOHNSON, nee, Arthur. Left Erie, Pennsylvania, March 21st, '98. Description: dark brown hair, height 5 ft. 5 in., eyes grey. Communicate with us.

3203. WILLIAM DEALEY. Last heard of in Ontario some year ago. Dealey came to Canada about the year 188, with a child five years of age, to be with an aunt named Mrs. Dunsen. His father was for many years a police constable in Kensington, Eng. An ailed sister is anxious for news of her brother. Communicate with us.

3205. OSBOURNE, MRS. H. Left England for Canada a few years ago. When she heard of her father's whereabouts, she last address was 11 Berrymans St., Toronto. Kindly communicate with us.

3206. SHORTILL, RICHARD HENRY. Age 24, occupation laborer, 6 ft. 2 in. high. Missing 25 years. Last address, Ellensburg, Wash. Was born in New Brunswick.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the

OLD COUNTRY.

We would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets on the home of the world, the Canadian Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAISON SEXTON, 2 A Temple, Toronto.



Throw out the lifeline with hand quick and strong,  
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?  
See he is sinking oh, hasten today,  
And out with the life-line I away, then, away!

# Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Gaskin on Top Still!—He Defies Bennett's Mag to Overtake Him and Sends Oats

—Hurrah for Southall!—Only One Behind Gaskin—Bennett Third—

Pugmie Indisposed—North-West Worse; Pulse Very

Low—Pacific Ill—Sharp Recuperating.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave is a man of compassion. Upon hearing that the W. O. F. was falling in behind, he at once sent some fine oats to the Editor, together with the following epistle:

Dear Brigadier Friedrich,  
I am enclosing you herewith a few oats for Brigadier Bennett's celebrated "Mag," as we imagine they have run short of feed in Montreal since the severe storm of a week or so ago.

The Provincial Staff, on behalf of the Field Officers, send their compliments to the E. O. F. warriors, and suggest that they will need a good stock of oats this winter if they hope to keep within sight of the Central.

Yours affectionately,

R. HARGRAVE.

Staff-Capt.

Judging from the appearance of the E. O. F. war horse "Mag," it is just possible she'll take the lead again, for there is no three legs and a swinger about her. Perhaps you can contemplate the exceptionally treated portrait of Mag in a recent Kit will agree that she had a gall on.

The West Ontario here is not doing things by halves. That he is earnest is evidenced by the phenomenal sale to 65 boomer. The only one contemplated the exceptionally treated portrait of Mag in a recent Kit will agree that she had a gall on.

The race is getting really very interesting. With the three Ontario Provincials so close to each other there is practically no telling what will turn up next week, and every nerve is strained with intense excitement.

The Eastern Star is sinking to the fourth magnitude on the Hustlers' sky. What a pity that this East should grow dim and the lustre of former reputation be dimmed.

Ensign Fox, of St. Catharines, is a hustler. Everybody knows that. His War Cry Brigade sold during quarter Cry some 1,106 copies of the War Cry more than the previous quarter. Good for St. Kitt's boomers and Publication Sergeant-Major.

We desire also to mention again, that only ONE week's sales should be reported, never mention two weeks' sales or averages, as it has been repeatedly led to misunderstandings. If you miss one line in reporting, drop it and blame yourself for it. We want to live at peace with all men, as FAR as lies in our power; if it doesn't lie in our power, let us have a good row, settle the thing and be good friends again.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

64 Hustlers.

Sister Correll, Temple	85
Sister Pearce, Temple	85
Sister Medlock, Temple	85
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	70
Mrs. Skeddin, Hamilton I.	70
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood	65
Lieut. Wadge, Iversdale	62
Capt. E. Clark, Collingwood	62
Lieut. Ribbel, Owen Sound	62
Lieut. Caplier, Stroud	60
Capt. Hanna, Hamilton I.	59
Capt. Stillwell, Iversdale	59
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	55
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Ligar St.	53
Sergt. Mrs. Bone, Stroud	50
Bro. Chase, Hamilton I.	50
Bro. Dixon, Temple	50
Mrs. C. Crawford, Parry Sound	50
Mrs. Capt. Willard, Bowmanville	50
Lieut. Brier, Aurora	50
Lieut. Creig, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Creamer, Midland	45
Capt. Grant, Dovercourt	44
Capt. M. Lott, Lindsay	44
Lieut. J. Marshall, Omece	43
Ensign H. Cameron, Iversdale	40
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	40
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	40
Lieut. Crego, Midland	40
Lieut. Rennie, Brampton	38
Capt. Wm. Wile, Faversham	37
Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury	36
Sergt. Major Beall, St. Catharines	35
Capt. A. Sherwood, Dundas	35
Lieut. Bond, Dundas	35
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	35
Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I.	31
Sergt.-Major Bowler, Ligar St.	30
Cadet Bone, Lippincott	28

Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm	27
Lieut. Cornish, Oakville	25
Lieut. Fisher, Exbridge	25
Capt. Culbert, Exbridge	25
Capt. M. Nelson, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. M. Northcott, Gravenhurst	25
Sergt.-Major Bowman, Newmarket	25
Lieut. Fell, Stroud	25
Sergt.-Major Brady, Temple	25
Sergt. A. Suckless, Ligar St.	25
Sister H. Peard, St. Catharines	25
Sister Gilks, Yorkville	25
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	23
Wm. Stevens, Riverside	22
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	21
Cadet Crawford, Lippincott	20
Sergt. M. Stickless, Ligar St.	20
Capt. Hart, Ligar St.	20
Sister L. Pollard, Oakville	20
Sister Harvey, Temple	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sister L. Pollard, Oakville	20
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville	20
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

63 Hustlers.

Capt. Helman, London	251
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Ensign M. Collett, Brantford	160
Lieut. E. M. Huckle, Brantford	110
Sister J. Couch, Stratford	106
Cand. L. Ringler, Ridgeway	101
Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham	101
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	100
Lieut. Pickle, Wallaceburg	88

Adj. Combs, London	87
Ensign Scott, Galt	75
Sergt.-Major Lloyd, Windsor	74
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph	70
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	68
Sergt. G. Craft, Chatham	65
Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia	62
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	62
Lieut. Carr, Dresden	60
Capt. A. Sloat, Ingersoll	60
Capt. Gibson, Leamington	55
Capt. Mathers, Guelph	55
Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg	53
Lieut. Bonny, Hothwell	50
Sergt. Dean, Hespeler	50
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	49
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	49
Sergt.-Major Scott, Guelph	45
Sister M. Shuster, Berlin	43
Sister Brindley, Goderich	42
Capt. Coe, Essex	41
Sister M. Pritchley, Listowel	40
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	40
Sergt. Deardling, Hespeler	38
Sister A. Gessalier, Forest	36
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	36
Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas	36
Capt. Jarvis	35
Capt. Patterson, Galt	35
Capt. Davel, Tullymore	35
Ensign Raynor, Paris	35
Sister Wright, Ingersoll	33
Capt. Burton, Windsor	32
Fred Palmer, London	30
Mrs. McGregor, Blenheim	30
Lieut. Baird, Listowel	30
Mrs. Graham, Chathamville	27
Clara Millard, Berlin	26
Capt. G. Pynn, Chatham	25
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	25
Capt. Graham, Blenheim	25
Capt. Cockerill, Forest	25
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	25
Cadet Murdoch, Wingham	20
Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham	20
Millie Haldame, Strathroy	20



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" " 4621	17	17 00	22 00
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Frieze	14	14 00	19 00

WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR HOSE	
For Winter Use.	
ENTIRELY NEW GOODS	
FOR MEN	
Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece	\$0 50
" " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece	0 70
" " Alaska, " " "	1 00
Half hose, per pair, at 20c. and	0 30
FOR LADIES.	
Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair	\$1 00
" Starter " Vests, each, 25c. and	0 50
Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c. and	0 40
Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c. 40c. and	0 50

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are convinced you will give us your order. Respectfully,

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

Cand. S. Masey, Chatham	20
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	20
Mrs. J. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Lottie Connor, Ingersoll	20
Sergt.-Major Cook, Clinton	20
Orson Crank, Leamington	20
Mother Cutting, Essex	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

53 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	167
Adj. Gaudwin, Ottawa	162
Lieut. Tracey, Montreal II.	118
Lieut. L. Buteh, Newport Vt.	115
Ensign Walker, Belleville	110
Cadet Campbell, Leamington	100
Capt. A. Norman, Napanee	78
Capt. French, Peterboro	75
Geo. Barrir, Montreal I.	75
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	71
Lieut. McFarlane, Prescott	70
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	67
Sergt. Vermer, Ottawa	65
Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall	61
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg	56
Mrs. McAmmond, Kingston	55
Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	55
Ensign Parker, Quebec	50
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	50
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	47
Sister Miller, Cornwall	45
Lieut. Chas. Dora, Cobourg	45
Cand. A. Downey, Kingston	43
Sergt. Capt. Boarchell, Trenton	41
Sister Miller, Cornwall	41
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	40
Lieut. Gray, Houlton, Me.	40
Sister Mrs. Kingston	40
Lieut. Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	40
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	35
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	32
Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	27
Sister Crozier, Montreal	27
Sister Mrs. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Woods, Cornwall	30
Mrs. Dora, Peterboro	30
Capt. M. Batten, Odessa	30
Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall	25
Sister Wainge, Ottawa	25
Sister Miller, Cornwall	25
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Lieut. Hearn, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Magee, Millbrook	22
Lieut. O'Neil, Millbrook	22
Mrs. Allne, Kingston	22
Ridie McNamey, Kingston	22
Sister J. Harris, Kingston	21
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro	21
Sister I. Fulford, Brighton	20
Sergt. Rout, Belleville	20
Mrs. Linn, Prescott	20
Cand. Thole, Montreal I.	20
Adj. Andrews, Houlton, Me.	20

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.	
Capt. A. Horwood, Charlottetown.	228
Mrs. Adj. Miller, Yarmouth	215
Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax II.	100
Capt. Sudley, Halifax I.	100
Sergt. C. Wingham, Charlottetown	80
Mrs. Ensign Frazer, Spring Hill	70
Lieut. Hinson, Westville	70
Lieut. E. W. O'Brien, Kentville	70
Capt. A. Hutt, Sussex	65
Capt. Allen, Westville	53
Lieut. L. Selig, Carlton	51
Mrs. Williams, New Glasgow	48
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	38
Cadet Ungarhart, Spring Hill	38
Ensign Jones, Chatham	38
Mrs. Pitt, Spring Hill	28
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	27
Mother England, Chatham	25
Adj. Deschamps, New Glasgow	25
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II.	25
Cand. Ginnivan, Halifax II.	25
Adj. Miller, Yarmouth	25
Capt. Thompson, Halifax II.	25
Grace King, Yarmouth	22

## NORTHWEST PROVINCE.

16 Hustlers.	
Capt. N. Wolf, Brandon	152
Cadet Russell, Winnipeg	95
Ensign Hayes, Regina (av. 3 wks)	84
Capt. H. LeDrew, Jamestown	80
2 wks	
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	62
Capt. McKay, Lethbridge N. D.	55
Capt. Charlton, Fargo	50
Capt. Hall, Fargo	46
Lieut. B. Brownson, Lethbridge	42
Sergt. J. Chapman, Winnipeg	36
Sister Johansson, Winnipeg	25
Cadet H. Habrick, Minnedosa	25
Lieut. H. Henshaw, Oakes	24
Sister Potter, Oakes (av. 3 wks)	24
Cand. McKee, Minnedosa	20

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

6 Hustlers.	
Sister Lewis, Victoria	100
Lieut. Galt, Sheridan	70
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Sheridan	65
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace	58
Capt. Hooker, Wallace	44
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

5 Hustlers.	
Cadet Sparks, St. Johns I.	70
Sister Wilkinson, St. Johns I.	30
Lieut. Hildon, Bay Roberts (av. 2 wks)	20
Sister Stridger, St. Johns I.	20
Laura Campbell, St. Johns I.	25

# Original Army Songs.

## Holiness.

Tunes.—Room for Jesus (B. J. 10); I will follow Thee, my Saviour (B. J. 1; S. M., 11, 67); Always cheerful (B. J. 43).

1 I have left my all to follow,  
Follow Jesus everywhere;  
Though the path be full of sorrow,  
I'll rejoice the cross to bear.

### Chorus.

I will take my cross, dear Saviour,  
Take my cross and follow Thee;  
Grant to me Thy smile and favor,  
Make me what I ought to be.

Long my heart has craved for cleans-

ing.  
Cleansing from all inbred sin,  
By Thy power now descending,  
Purify my heart within.

I will trust Thee now, dear Saviour,  
For I feel the Blood applied;  
Faith in Thee shall never waver,  
I with Thee am crucified.

W. Hargrave, St. John 1.

## War.

Tunes.—Stand up for Jesus (B. J. 21; S. M., 1, 147); Day of victory's coming (B. J. 21; M. S., IV, 40).

2 We've 'listed in the Army  
Of Christ, our Heavenly King,  
With only one ambition—  
Poor dying souls to win  
From sin and Satan's thralldom,  
And bring them back to God,  
And tell them there's salvation  
For them through Jesus' Blood.

### Chorus.

Tune.—The day of victory's coming.

In the highways and the byways,  
And also in the stumps,  
We'll march and sing for Jesus,  
And beat the dear old drum.

"Repent and be converted,"  
Shall never be our cry,  
And God will give the increase  
By and bye.

Endue us, Gracious Leader,  
With holy love and zeal,  
And with Thy power and blessing,  
Our simple efforts seal.  
Still loyal to our colors,  
The Yellow, Red and Blue,  
To Thee and to Thy service,  
We pledge ourselves anew.

H. Marshall,  
Murray Harbor South, P. E. I.

## Testimony.

Tune.—Is my name written there?

3 In sunshine, in darkness,  
By day and by night,  
In sorrow, in gladness,  
In weakness and might,  
Come ease or come hardness,  
Or whatever may,  
I will shout "Hallelujah!"  
For He leads me each day.

### Chorus.

Yes, He leads me each day,  
On the straight, narrow way;  
Then why should I not follow?  
For He leads me each day.

Though friends should forsake me,  
And foes should assail;  
Though the powers of darkness  
Should seek to prevail;  
And hot persecution  
My path should waylay,  
I will shout "Hallelujah!"  
For He leads me each day.

Let others have richness,  
Let others have gold,  
But I have a Treasure,  
Of riches untold.  
I have a salvation  
That helps me to say  
I will shout "Hallelujah!"  
For He leads me each day.

Poor sinner, for you at  
The Cross there is room;  
His light will dispel all  
Your darkness and gloom.  
Come, bring all your burdens,  
And with me you'll say,  
I will shout "Hallelujah!"  
For He leads me each day.  
Cadet H. Kreiser.

## Salvation.

Tune.—The banks of the Wabash.

4 Let me tell you of a kind and lov-  
ing Saviour,  
How He bled and died upon  
Mount Calvary;  
How He suffered in the darkness of the  
Garden,  
All to save a sinner, wretched though  
he be;  
And although your heart is black with  
sin and sorrow,  
Yet your burden He will gladly roll  
away.  
He will give you joy where now is  
naught but sadness,  
And He'll bear you o'er Jordan on  
death's day.

### Chorus.

Oh, the pardoning God is waiting now,  
poor sinner,  
Of His love and mercy freely offers  
thee;  
Will you not to-night accept the won-  
derous pardon  
That is offered now to you so full  
and free.

Oh, this love is one that never, never  
faileth,  
Though our foe will often try to lead  
astray.  
But His grace is one that always will  
sustain us.  
If His loving voice we only will obey,  
He is waiting now to hear thee say,  
backslider,  
"To my loving Father I will turn to-  
day."  
He'll give you back the love you once  
had freely,  
And He'll bear you over Jordan on  
death's day.

J. T. Funnell,  
Alexandria Bay, N. S.

## A Backslider's Death.

Tune.—If you love me, darling, tell me  
with your eyes.

5 Once she was a soldier, once she  
loved the fight,  
Once she followed Jesus, trusted in  
His might;  
Crosses ne'er were heavy—she was  
saved and glad,  
Free from sin and sadness, trusting in  
the Blood.

### Chorus.

Now she is drifting downward, far  
from God and right,  
Drifting far from Jesus. Oh, how sad  
a sight!  
Angels weep and wonder, as she down-  
ward goes,  
Is there none to save her from hell's  
bitter woes?

One false step was taken, that meant  
many more,  
Far from God she wandered, far from  
mercy's door;  
O'er her barque are tossing waves of  
deep despair;  
Will she cry for pardon, will she  
breathe a prayer?

On a bed of anguish, one so young and  
fair;  
Is there none to pity, none to breathe  
a prayer?  
How the past sweeps o'er her, awful,  
awful, state,  
Dying far from Jesus, far from mercy's  
gate.

Lieut. Annie Martin,  
Freeport, N. S.

## LOOK OUT FOR

## "The Man in the Moon."

If you attend the October meetings,  
be sure and visit the Life-Boat Dining  
Hall especially arranged for visiting  
officers soldiers and friends. 10c. meals,  
Forty-five good, clean beds have been  
arranged for visitors at 15c. each and  
a limited number at 15c. (private room).  
Satisfaction both in food and lodgings  
guaranteed. Address all communica-  
tions to Ensign Burrows, 261 Victoria  
Street.

# The Sixteenth Anniversary Meetings TORONTO,

Sunday, Oct. 23rd, to Thursday, Oct. 27th,

INCLUSIVE.

# FIELD COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH IN COMMAND.

Assisted by **COLONEL JACOBS**, Chief Secretary,

Brigadiers Margetts, Complin and Friedrich, Majors Horn and Smeeton, and all Headquarters Staff, the Seven Provincial Officers, Brigadiers Sharp, Bennett, Howell, Gaskin and Pugmire, Majors McMillan and Southall; all Ontario District Officers, and Hundreds of Field and Social Officers, numerous Soldiers and Friends.

## PROGRAMME

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23rd. — 7 a.m.: Day of Salvation at the PAVILION. 11 a.m.: Holiness Meeting, conducted by the FIELD COMMISSIONER. 3 and 7 p.m.: Two Great Battles for Souls, led by the FIELD COMMISSIONER.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24th. 8 p.m.—Reception Rally at the Temple, led by the CHIEF SECRETARY.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th. 8 p.m.—Soldiers' Council at Lippincott Street Barracks, the FIELD COMMISSIONER in charge.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27th.—Anniversary Demonstration in the BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, the FIELD COMMISSIONER in command.

## Railway Arrangements.

Tickets at single first-class fare for the return trip can be obtained at any station on the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific Railways. When procuring ticket ask for Standard Certificate and see that you get one, or you will be required to pay full fare home again. All certificates to be handed in at the Central Provincial Headquarters, ground floor, S. A. Temple, immediately on arrival at Toronto.

## OFFICERS' MEETINGS:

Tuesday morning and afternoon, and Wednesday morning, afternoon and night, in the Lippincott Street Barracks, Councils for Staff and Field Officers.

Staff Officers' Council on Friday, October 28th, at 10 a.m., in the same place.

## Billets.

Officers requiring billets in connection with the October Meetings should send in their application immediately to Brigadier Gaskin, Salvation Temple, Jones and Alfred Streets, Toronto. No billet can be guaranteed later than Monday, October 17th.

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